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FOR OCTOBER.

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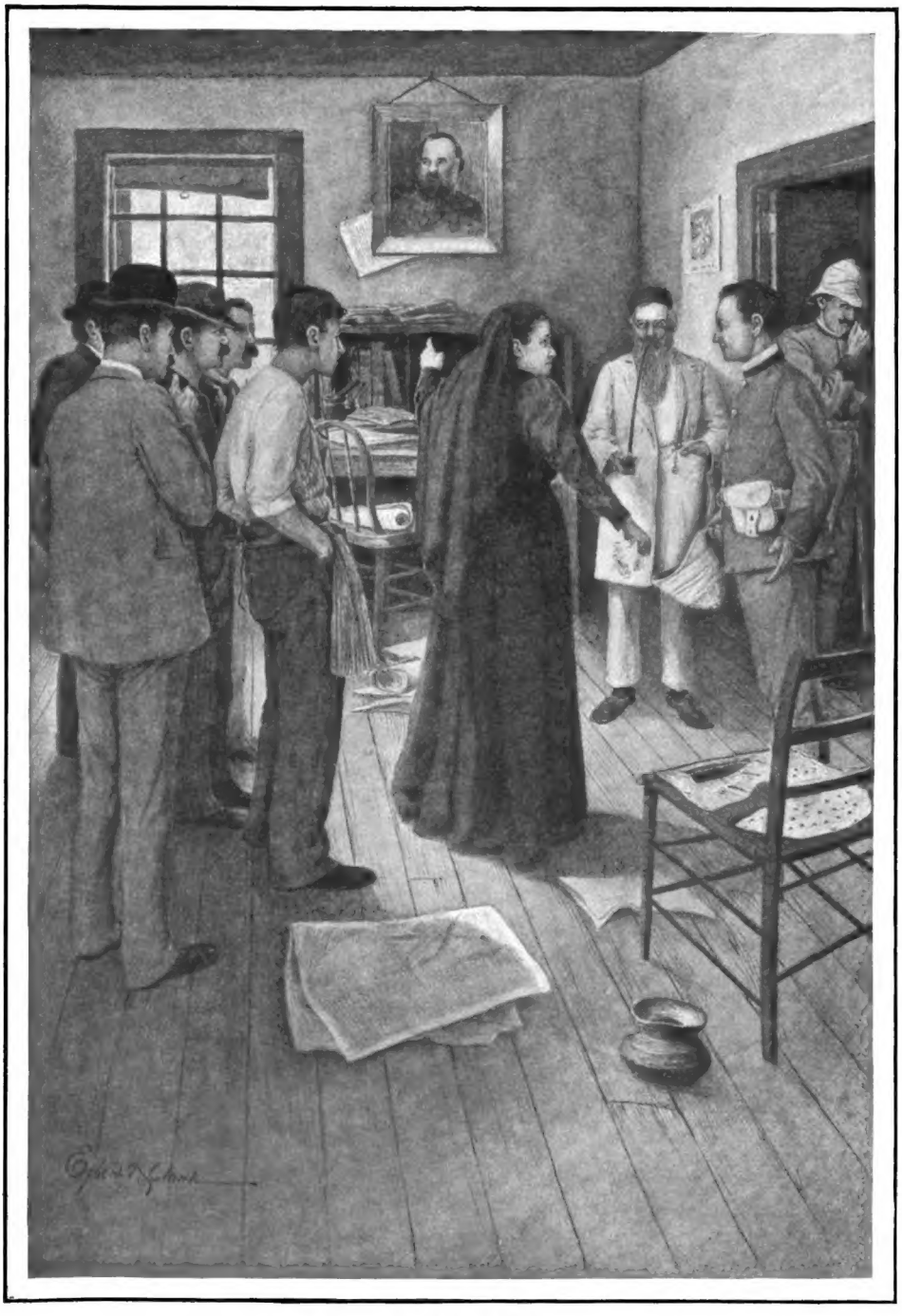

"I AM *HIS* WIDOW!"—*See page 315.*

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1900

# A BURGHER OF THE FREE STATE.*

## A COMPLETE STORY.

By Rudyard Kipling.

The Lord that gave the ox command
To kneel to Judah's king,
He binds His frost upon the land,
To ripen it for spring:
To ripen it for spring, good sirs,
According to His Word—
Which well must be as you can see:
And who shall judge the Lord?

When we poor fenners walk the ice
Or shiver on the wold,
We hear the cry of a single tree
That breaks her heart in cold:
That breaks her heart in the cold, good sirs,
And rendeth by the board—
Which well must be as you can see:
And who shall judge the Lord?

Her wood is craized and little worth,
Excepting as to burn,
So we may warm and make our mirth
Until the spring return:
Until the spring return, good sirs,
With marish all abroad—
Which well must be, as you can see:
And who shall judge the Lord?

God bless the master of this house
And all that sleep therein,
And guard the fens from pyrat folk,
And save us all from sin!
To walk in charity, good sirs,
As well we may afford—
Which shall befriend our later end,
Accounting to the Lord.

—Old Lincolnshire (?) Carol.

From the little hill near Bloemfontein old fort you command ninety miles of country towards Kimberley, and when Kimberley besieged uses her search-light, you can see the wheeling beam as clearly as Israel saw the pillar of flame. If you are loyal you ascend the hill, singing with your friends, and gloat over the ringed city. If you are disloyal you creep up without music, lie down among the boulders, hidden from the police, and whisper to fellow disloyalists, "Kimberley's all right."

Allen, of the Bloemfontein "Banner," though he did not gloat, was loyal. He had sailed to Cape Town from Edinburgh forty years ago—a master printer of seven years, moved suddenly to take up the missionary work which in those days was Scotland's special field. There he met the Kaffir, saw through him with keen eyes, and, it is to be suspected, saw through the missionary; for he backslid to the stick and the case on an early up-country paper. Then he married a Dutch girl—a connection of President Brand and well to do. She led him across the Orange to a fat, lazy land full of cattle, slaves, and game; for the Free State "Farmers" had not discovered the European skin-market. He farmed a little on his wife's property; shot a many head of buck; went to Kimberley when De Beers was "Colesberg Kopje"; lost money in diamond mining, but made it helping to print the first paper on the fields; lost his wife of typhoid; refused more matrimony; and rediscovered his old love in the office of the young Bloemfontein "Banner." He was convinced that unless you treated Kaffirs much as the Dutch treated them, they were worthless; but he could not bring himself to the treatment which came so easily even to his adored Katie. Wherefore, he exchanged his farm for a little

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tin-roofed house on the outskirts of Bloemfontein, grew the roses of that favored land, and for a few languid hours daily condescended to the "Banner" press-room. It was an idyllic life, that began—after he had looked to his roses—with the little stroll through the broad streets, where all Bloemfontein nodded friendlily; that led, with many street-corner conversations, across the market square to his worn stool in the long, low "Banner" office. Here he crooned over the stick till lunch-time, locked up the page with old-fashioned wooden quoins, told the Kaffir to pull a proof, corrected it tolerant of many misprints (forty years in the Free State wear down Edinburgh standards), told another Kaffir to start the rheumatic oil-engine that temperately revolved the big press, and loafed out into the market square. The linen suit, and long yellow beard streaked with white, the brown eyes behind the brass spectacles, the black velvet smoking-cap, and the green carpet slippers were as well known in the square as the market building itself. When men saw the corner of Allen's shoulder prop the corner of the chemist's shop where they sell Dutch and English medicines, they knew the "Banner" would be selling on the street in ten minutes. When he shuffled between the ox-wagons, the bent-wood pipe purring in his beard, Bloemfontein knew that Allen went to his roses and his evening levee in the veranda. His wife's relations were many and of exceeding friendliness. A few, nieces chiefly, were good-looking, and Allen's home offered an excellent base for large young women from small villages who came to shop in the capital. One or other of them would housekeep for Allen the year round, and all Katie's kin were superb cooks. As head of the "Banner" press-room, Allen was supposed to be well-informed politically, and on occasion would speak a good word for a backward advertiser. His levees were attended by English shop-keepers, farmers who at their wives' bidding had stayed over to shop, and the small fry of casual station-masters, guards, telegraphists, and subordinate civil servants. Then he would spread his slippered feet on the veranda rail, drink coffee, and, as a burgher of forty years' standing, would expound the whole duty of the Free State, which was to keep itself and "chaastise the Hollander."

In later years the "Banner" troubled him a little. He had seen it change from a leisurely medium for meditations on cattle-raising, reports of sermons, rifle-meetings, and the sins of the local officials, all padded with easy clippings out of English and Cape Town papers, to a purposeful, malignant daily under control of a German whose eyes, Allen said, were too close together, and whose aim in life seemed to be ridicule of the English. Now Allen had no special love for the English, of whom there were many in Bloemfontein. He had seen them beaten in '81, and though at the time he tried to explain what the resources of England were, he had seen them stay beaten before all his world. They irritated him in some of their manifestations as an over-pernicketty breed, who did not think at the standard pace of two and a half miles an hour, which is the pace of an ox-wagon. But the sun and the soft airs, the lazy black labor, and the much talk by the wayside soon wheeled them into line. What need, then, to worry and taunt them as did Bergmann, for none having once drunk of the Orange River would go back to unverandaed, umbrellaed, unhallowed, competitive days in dirt, at elbow-push of hungry equals.

English folk might be strangers in the land, but who, if you came to that, were the Bergmanns, the Enselins, the Hoffmans, the Badenhorsts, the Sauers, and a hundred others? Moreover, Bergmann, when he was not prying into folks' ancestry, had helped to found a thing called the Bond, and, by the same token, had been publicly rapped over the knuckles for it by none other than Allen's uncle-in-law, the great Sir John Brand, who had written a letter that made Bergmann furious. Allen agreed with his uncle-in-law. His vision did not extend much further than a ford across the Orange River and a Dutch

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girl's face under her cap, smiling at him as he clumsily whacked the oxen, till they came up panting and wet-flanked into this, the land of his peace. For years Allen felt that Bergmann of the narrow eyes and the inveterate hate would trouble their large quiet, but—but he was accustomed to his seat in the "Banner" office, and his hands, itching for the type, drew him there daily. His tongue alone was unshackled by custom; and here the Scot in him died hard.

"I'm a student of political economy myself," he said one evening, in the face of a most wonderful sunset. "An' I've obsairved from my visits to Pretoria that the Hollander is a swine. He's like the teredo in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' (There ought to be a copy of it in the office. 'Chambers'' is out of date.) Aye, Elsie"—this to his wife's second cousin, a lady with Pretorian graces—"I know ye marrit one, an' ye can e'en tell him when ye go home my opeenion of his nationality. The Hollander's the curse o' the Transvaal. What for? Because the Transvaal's eegnorant. The Hollander edges in, an' edges in, an' taks the tickets an' runs the machinery o' state. My word, if I trusted your Gert, Elsie, that's the most eegnorant job-composer ever foaled, tho' I took him in for the sake o' the family, an' he's some kin to Mrs. Bergmann, too. I say, if I let your Gert order the new type whaur'd I be? Preceesly whaur the Transvaal'll be before many years. We must keep the Hollander out o' here. With our system o' education—an' for that we must thank old Brand, my Katie's uncle—they've precious little chance at our public offices. But they'll try, an' what they cannot reach they'll ruin. There's overmuch runnin' to an' fro o' Hollanders these days between Pretoria an' here."

No one cared to speak out in Aunt Elsie's presence, but three or four women of old Free State stock murmured assent. Time was when the Free State, as better born and better educated, had been roughly looked up to by the unshorn Transvaal. Now the Transvaalers had grown rich beyond the wildest hope of the Free State, and, if possible, ruder. In a hundred ways—principally by the Hollanders—it was borne in upon the Free State that she must take the second place. The Pretoria women, too, shopped in Johannesburg, and when one visited them they flaunted their crockery and their curtains in their sisters' faces. Husbands grew rich in Pretoria.

"Hollanders go away when they have made the money," one of the company hinted. "They are not good sons of the soil. Now, if we had not been cheated out of our diamond mines we should have been rich, too."

"Yes, but we know how to spend it when it is made," said Aunt Elsie, flushing angrily. "We do not count each lump of sugar in the coffee—and our funerals! You should just see! I had four new black silk dresses this year when the typhoid was so bad. At the back of our house"—she leaned forward impressively, bulging in her French stays—"there is a heap this high"—she lifted an arm—"of empty tins. All tinned things. Our English servant is *so* wasteful."

"Ye've just hit it, Elsie. It's the tins do the mischief. Ye've never had more than the rudiments of airth-scratchin'—I'll not call it farmin'—up yonder, but ye're by with that even. Last time I went to Groblaars after the buck, the whole deestrict was livin' on options fra' the minin' companies—options an' state grants. They'd done wi' the last pretence o' farmin'—tobacco, mealies, an' all. They'd not put their hand to a single leevin' thing, as I set here, except order tinned goods fra' Johannesburg—tinned things an' sweeties. Ah, the tins!"

"That is why you have so much typhoid," said the wife of a Bloemfontein saddler—an Old Colony girl—and shook her fingers daintily above the bowl of peach conserve.

"They'll have more than typhoid in time," said Uncle Allen. "They'll pay for their tinned things. They'll have Hollanders. Bergmann's gone to his account, and I've naught to say o' him.

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Mrs. Bergmann owns the 'Banner,' an' his picture's in the pressroom. I asked him once if he wished to make the Free State a warld power. Almighty! the man was angry!"

"He only wrote the truth about the English. Bergmann was a very great man. He started the Bond. He was a true patriot," said Aunt Elsie.

"Aye. Verra like your husband in Pretoria, Elsie."

"It is because you're English in your heart. All you Uitlanders are alike."

"Tak' notice here, Elsie." Allen wagged a type-blackened forefinger across the tea-table. "Bergmann picked up that talk about Uitlanders when he helped make the Bond that's the curse of Africa, tho' Brand, my Katie's uncle, told him he was sowin' seeds o' dissension where none should exist. He's talked Uitlander, an' I've set it up for him in Dutch an' English. Pretoria picked Uitlander up from Bergmann, because you're no clever enough in Pretoria to do more than steal. Pour you another cup o' coffee, an' stop fiddlin' wi' your bonnet-strings, Elsie. Twenty year now—I mind the time there was none of it—you've ben crying 'Uitlander this, Uitlander that,' till you're fair poisoned with it. There were no Uitlanders till Bergmann and the Bond that was his master, as he was mine, an' Pretoria created them an' stirred 'em up. Ye've heard o' Frankenstein's monster? It's a common slip ye're warned against in Edinburgh, not to let a contributor call him Frankenstein, an' was a shillin' fine in Blackwood's. Well, we'll let that pass. Ye've been at great pains to make a Frankenstein——"

"Ah, you always talk so silly, uncle. I do not understand."

"Ye will, Elsie—ye will. I'm foreman o' the 'Banner' pressroom, an' Mrs. Bergmann's employee, because I love the sound o' the type; an' I'm a burgher o' forty years to boot—that's more than most o' them are—an' I love my country. Wait a while, Elsie. Ye'll see the end o' what I've set up the beginning of."

Young Dessauer, Mrs. Bergmann's second cousin, now editor of the "Banner," was doing his best to out-Herod his deceased uncle, whose portrait in grievous oils adorned the pressroom. He had all the old man's fluency, and none of his power. Allen remembered—he had a long memory—the first time he had set up the phrase "our Nation" (upper-case N), "the Afrikander Nationality," and "the necessity for closer union." Now, it seemed, he composed little else. Young Dessauer spent half his time in company of Hollanders from Pretoria—smooth-faced Continentals in black Albert coats and white linen—who spoke all tongues except honest taal, and visited President Steyn eternally. The compositors of the "Banner," scenting good things, talked much of the import of the leading articles that appeared after these interviews.

"I've only one opeenion," said Allen, correcting proof by the window. "If we go on as we're gaun, we cut our own throats, neither more nor less. We need no dealin's wi' the Transvaal."

This, of course, was duly reported to Dessauer, who spoke to Allen before the men.

Said Allen, pushing up his spectacles: "It's no odds to me if you dismiss me this day, except I'm thinkin' ye'll find very few duplicates of Allen on the premises when ye want to make up the paper."

"That is not *the* point," said young Dessauer, pulling up his collar. "You are no true son of the soil if you talk treason in this way, and in *this* office."

"And when did *your* father trek across the Orange?" said Allen in Dutch. "Fifteen years after me! He outspanned at my Katie's door in the big drouth, an' she took you from your mother's arms, an' ye puked over the front of her frock. They'd gien you a bit o' *biltong* to chew because your mother had no milk, and it wrenched your prood stomach, Dessauer. Well, I'm waitin' on ye. I was a burgher before ye were breeched. Maybe I'm too old to understand this talk o' treason ye're so dooms free with."

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"I was only saying you have no right to talk so—unpatriotically in *this* office."

"If my country, that I've never set foot out of since the sixties, is to be jockeyed into a war by you an' the like o' you an' that old fool Steyn that runs about writin' his name in the girls' plush autograph albums, I must not talk. Eh? 'Fore God, man, don't I set up the mischief ye do? I helped Bergmann build his Uitlander bogie that served him so well. What more d'ye want? Ye'll stop my talkin'—me, a burgher o' the Free State that was married to Brand's niece, and out in Moshesh's war, and a Blackwood's man, before your mother met your father! Ye go too fast, Dessauer. This is the Free State—yet. We'll wait till the Transvaal have annexed us before we shut our mouths. Lock up the telegraph page."

ALLEN, OF THE BLOEMFONTEIN "BANNER."

Said Mrs. Bergmann, of the placid face and the white hair, when this rebellion was reported: "Yes—yes, nephew, he is no good in the politik, but he knows more about the paper than even I do. *You* know nothing, nephew, and he is cheap. Later on when—when things are different, we can teach him."

The summer of that year was a sad time for the stranger in Bloemfontein. Thicker and thicker grew the press of agitated Hollanders at the President's house; wilder and wilder grew Dessauer's leaders, and blacker grew Allen's face. Through weary weeks he had heard nothing but appeals to God and the Mauser—had set up fathoms of it—had seen the advertisements give place to Government proclamations, and had wondered who paid for them. Strangers from the north had accused him of Uitlander sympathies in the market-place, his compositors were in-

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subordinate, and old friends cut him in the street with ostentation. To be fair, these same friends would come by twilight among the roses, and in whispers ask what the Free State expected to gain from the war, and why—this in the smallest of whispers—the burghers had not been more freely consulted in the matter.

"It's too late to ask now. Ye've never read Carlyle's 'French Revolution.' I have. You'd not understand if I explained, but we've been denouncin' each other for lack o' patriotism till we're just afraid to speak our own minds," he answered. "*So* ye'll note the State has been sold for a handful of Transvaal tobacco—and we'll not get the tobacco. We've asked the Hollander to put foot on our neck, an' he's done it. He'll bring in the Transvaaler that's been livin' on other people these past ten years. He'll not reform now. Did ye note that Transvaal commando that's camped behind the station? So long as they can lift cattle on the border they'll leave us alone. If they come back they'll take our stock. Mark my word! If we win we'll be annexed by the Transvaal. If we lose——"

"But you must not say that England will win, uncle," said the niece in charge, with a coquettish flirt of the head. "That would be traitorous. Look how we beat England in the last war."

"I'm saying nothing but that we'll be annexed by the Transvaal. We're annexed already, and not a man of us all lifted his voice. They'll strip us hoof, horn, and hide. Here endeth the Free State." He turned up the empty coffee cup with a chuckle. "I'll have to pay for this, but the truth's never economical."

In default of pony, horse, and bridle they commandeered Allen to the tune of fifty pounds sterling, and a veldt cornet of old acquaintance tried to improve the occasion by a few remarks on treason.

"Ye're a fool," said Allen. "I know how much of a fool ye are, an' that's more even than your mother knows. Ye're not a fool on your own account, which would be sense of a sort. Ye're a Hollander's fool—sold like a Kaffir. An' ye may tell whom ye please. Now, if ye'll pack awa' your folly on Niekirk's best pony, which I see ye've stole for your own ends, I'll e'en go to office an' set up young Dessauer's notion o' the Free State as a warld power."

A few days later, Aunt Elsie came down from Pretoria on a visit, and explained how a veldt cornet, her own nephew, had taken from her farm near Bloemfontein three yoke of bullocks after, for due consideration, he had promised to spare them.

"That's the beginnin' o't," said Allen grimly. "Hoof, horn, an' hide, I think I said, Elsie."

"How do I know what you said?" she answered pettishly. "He gave me no commando-note. He drove them off the farm. He should have taken old Kok's—who is rich."

"But he's gaun to marry Annette Kok after the war," Allen grinned.

"Oh, *that* is it, is it? The rascal! But what shall *I* do? My husband is so busy—so busy at Pretoria——"

"No? He'll not have gone on commando, then?"

"And my brother, he is with Cronje; and my other brother, he is with Botha; and they will not write to me. They are so busy shooting rooineks—and I want my oxen back. Here am I—an official's wife—and they take my oxen, look you!"

"Why don't ye write to Botha or Cronje? Maybe they'll listen. You're the third woman o' our kin that's come to me to-day complainin' o' just this kind o' trouble. An' we're only at the beginnin'."

"Oh, but the war will be over in a few weeks. You think? Look how we have shot them everywhere. There are not enough men in England to come; my husband says so."

"Elsie, woman, ye don't know what war means—nor I either, but we'll know before the end. And," he added irrelevantly, "ye've not even seen Edinburgh."

The commandoes went southward in trains—Free Staters and Transvaalers together, each boasting against the other what they would do with the rooineks.

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It was rumored that the Old Colony had risen even to the sea; that the Bond had thrown off the mask and established a Federal Government in Cape Town, and that the Queen of England "had refused to sign the declaration of war." Men returned by scores from Colesberg and the south on the easily granted furlough of those early days, and, laughing, said there was no need to fight—their friends across the border were doing it all for them. Here and there a man had been wounded, but the game went beyond all expectations. Kimberley was cut off from help; Mafeking hung like a ripe plum ready to drop at a touch; Ladysmith was incidentally surrounded, while the commandoes swept towards the sea; Molteno, Middelburgh, Aliwal North, Burghersdorp, Hopetown—Barkly West—they gave the well-known tale of the districts—were up and out, and the others behind them only waited till the Federal commandoes should come through.

"An' I'm no fond o' the word Federal," said Allen, as he set it up. "It's the last step after annexation, instead o' the first to it."

The wounded arrived from Belmont—a few of them. The rest were placed in outlying hospitals—and Graspan and Modder. Allen did not quite understand the drift of the telegrams describing these events. Many who till then had written regularly to their wives ceased, and though the authorities explained that they were busy, the women felt uneasy. Moreover, there was a rumor—they learned it from a Transvaal commando going south and forgetting to pay for chickens—that the Free Staters had not done so well at Modder.

"We'll show you how to shoot rooineks," said the Transvaalers. "You get too fat, living in this good land. If you do not fight it will be the worse for you."

Then came the week of joy—Colenso, Stormberg, and Magersfontein—in three blinding flashes. The Federals could hardly believe their luck—seventeen guns (it was thirty by the time the news reached Bloemfontein), four thousand men killed, wounded, and prisoners. Surely the English would now see the error of the cruel war that they had forced upon a God-fearing race. The "Banner" said so, demanding indemnities and annexations by the irreducible minimum.

"We're lyin' too much," thought Allen, toying with the tweezers. "I've no superstitious reverence for truth, but this is sheer waste. Hm! The English are fightin' us wi' native troops. Are they? It's not likely. They're floggin' prisoners an' burnin' an' ravishin' broadcast. No, that's not likely, either. Continuous black type tires the eye."

He went on with his copy. "We've blown the guts out of a Highland brigade, wiped up half a regiment o' North Country men, an' got all the guns o' Buller's brigade. I'm thinkin' it's no good policy to offend Scotland." He paused for a moment, penetrated with a new idea. "'Fore God, it's war. If we lose we'll not get what the Transvaal got in '81. It's either us or Scotland—an' that means all England. I wish we had some news o' what they're sendin' by way of an army. They're a dour folk, the Englishry, when they're brought to it."

But that information was denied to the Bloemfontein "Banner," whatever they might have known at Pretoria. Now and again a rumor broke through of a bay crowded with ships, of lines congested with troops, of a horrible silence of preparation, broken by odd words of caution from more far-seeing Bond friends in Cape Town. But no harm, so far, had befallen the Free State. The men at the front were all well—the field cornets said so. They wrote little, but they fought with magnificent skill, never losing more than half a dozen at the outside, and those, curiously, men of few kin. For visible sign of their success, Bloemfontein could see the prisoners, and, better still, Kimberley search-light whirling, whisking, and appealing. They made good jokes, men and maidens together, after dark, on the hill by the old fort, and the police, always armed, grinned tolerantly.

Thither, as was his custom in these later days, went Allen with a lantern to

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guide his old feet among the rocks. The rumors troubled him; young Dessauer's face when he lifted out the telegrams did not accord with their joyful note. Officials talked fluently and easily, but their eyes had not the inward light of victory; and, above all, people were forbidden to go down to the railway station and speak to the English prisoners. The Stormberg captives, the men taken round Colesberg, the two companies, forgotten in a retirement, and neatly caught while waiting to entrain, were merely sullen and uncommunicative, or uttered foolish threats of vengeance; but the later varieties, gathered here and there to the westward, and sent under escort of a northern commando to wait their turn for the up-country train, spoke in another key. They were not grateful for small attentions; they asked for accommodation as by right, and begged their guards to be civil while yet chance offered. The effect of this loose talk was counteracted by overmuch official explanation, and it disturbed Allen's mind. Telegrams came and went, commandoes passed by day and night, firing out of the carriage windows in honor of Bloemfontein, and closed ambulance trains went northward. Nothing was constant except the flare from Kimberley—sometimes lifted like an appealing arm, sometimes falling like a column, and often broken as with horrible mirth.

"See! See!" said a girl, sitting on a camp-stool, "now Rhodes is hungry. He shakes his finger."

"Oh, no," said the boy with her, "he is asking Cronje to stop firing while he eats horse-meat."

"I wish we could hear the guns."

"It is too far," said the boy. "Did you see Cronje's big gun go across from here? It was a fine rooinek-shooter. My brother"—he puffed his cigarette proudly—"is in the State's artillery."

"I like the little buk-buk guns best," the girl replied. She opened a basket and ate a sandwich, brushing away the crumbs from her Sunday frock.

"I think I can hear guns," she said, and clapped her hands.

"That's only thunder on the veldt," said Allen, coming up behind her. "Good evening, Ada Frick."

"Oah! Is that you, Mister Allen? You have come to see how your friends over there get on? They are having—ah—how do you Uitlanders say it?—a hot time in the town to-night."

The boy, annoyed at an interrupted flirtation, passed over to a Johannesburg policeman squatting in the shadow. Bloemfontein was then policed in large part from Johannesburg, and Bloemfontein did not like it.

"There is old Allen," he said. "You know about him? He is a bloody traitor."

"Get out—go down," the man shouted. "Yes, you with the white beard. You have no business here, you old rebel. Keep with the other Uitlanders."

"Are you a Portugee, or a Hollander, or a Dane, or what?" Allen replied. "You can't talk the taal."

As a matter of fact, he was a young German, rather in request at Bloemfontein tea-parties. "Go away; we know all about you. You've come up here to signal to Kimberley with that lantern."

Allen laughed aloud. "Then if you know that much, you may know I marrit President Brand's niece. I've not been reckoned a traitor for some few years. But we're all traitors now."

"Huh!" said the girl, with a giggle. "We all know that the Brand people were not true sons of the soil. That is not a good family to belong to these times."

Allen was used to personal insult—who had never known a hard word till six months ago—but the reflection on his Katie's kin cut him to the bone.

"At any rate," he began, but bit off the sentence. It was no fault of the girl's that she was tainted with native blood. A Frick—and all the earth that had eyes knew whence the Fricks had drawn their black hair, crisping at the temples, and the purplish moons at the base of their fingernails—a Bloemfontein Frick, not three removes from a bastard of the Kalahari, had derided Brand, whose statue stands at the head of the town!

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"SEE! . . . NOW RHODES IS HUNGRY. HE SHAKES HIS FINGER."

He stumbled downward, raging, pursued by the laughter of the little company.

"Brand no son of the soil—Brand! An' a Zarp—a Johannesburger—to tell me I'm a traitor! I've never hoped the English 'ud win, but I hope it now—I hope it now! The damned ungratefu' half-breeds."

There was a light in the "Banner" pressroom as he passed.

"More proclamations o' that fool Steyn," he said bitterly. "They keep the job side busy these days. Maybe young Dessauer thinks he'll be made Secretary o' State if he does not press for the bill. What's here, Gert?" he asked at the door.

"His Honor's proclamation," Gert grinned, and Allen watched his hands above the case.

"That's no English you're rolling up. What is it?"

"Basuto," said Gert. "*The* proclamation." Evidently the youngster had private information, denied to his superior.

Allen's heart stood still. He had heard wild threats that before long the Basutos would be invited to rise against the English; but in Bloemfontein that talk was coldly received.

They had, of course, employed Kaffirs to hold horses, dig trenches, bring up food and ammunition, in extreme cases to cover an advance, and always to haul guns. The northern commandoes prided themselves on flicking the last ounce out of their teams. An exhausted black is easier removed from harness than a tired ox and dies cheaper. But there remained one sin uncommitted, compared to which the sin against the Holy Ghost is, in South Africa, a trivial blunder. No responsible men contemplated openly putting the war on a direct black and white basis—calling upon the black to rise against the white. Much of the fighting had, of design, been pitched between Zululand and Basutoland, that the two races from their hills might learn which was the power to be feared. That and the raiding of weak tribes was entirely fair, because all the world knew the English were using black troops from India and committing every horror.

But Allen, who set up young Dessauer's telegrams and had talked to a few prisoners

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since October, did his own thinking by the composing table, while Gert set Basuto in leaded bourgeois. Admitting all the charges against the English, the risk to the Federals from their own allies would be . . . Allen thought of the outlying farms and shuddered Then the shame of it struck him across the face. He did not believe in the Dutch treatment of the black; but that the black should be called in as an equal in this game—called in by bribes and sweet words—was an insult to all whites, and a mark upon the Free State no time could wipe out.

"An' Brand was no true son o' the soil, Miss Frick!" He mopped his forehead. "First Bergmann an' the Bond; then the Transvaal an' yon heathen with the baboon's face; an' then the Basutos. We're doin' well. We're comin' on! We're gaun beggin' to the Basutos. If they rise—but why did they not rise before? They canna expect a Magersfontein every week o' the year. They've a bitter score against us. What good 'ud their help be? . . . But if the English are usin' Ghoorkhas, why haven't the English used Basutos? 'Fore God, I'd shoulder rifle to-morrow if they did! They had time enough. What's holdin' them? . . . Oh, some one will go to hell for this."

Gert pulled a proof on the roller press. Mechanically Allen pulled another and stuck it on an old job file. He relit his pipe and turned out to think. A man on horseback, his ankle rudely bandaged, crossed the empty market square gabbling to a policeman.

"It stinks—it stinks—it stinks!" he cried thickly. "Everything stinks. I have asked a hundred times for clean water. Get it."

"Come back to the hospital! He has got fever. He has just run out from the hospital," the policeman explained to Allen in the starlight, overlooking the fact that hospital patients are not, as a rule, booted, spurred, or plastered with dry mud.

"Hospital!" The man reined up sharply. "That is a lie. I have come from hell—from Cronje's head laager in hell. They have all the guns in the world there, big and little, little and big. But they all stink. Cronje led us into hell! I came out on my belly when the guns stopped."

"Yes, yes. It will be all clean in hospital. You are waking the people. Come!"

The fevered wretch's face puckered with terror. "You will only take me into another laager! Let me go! I will run! Tell me where to ride! For God's sake, where shall I ride? The veldt is alive with them—they are coming out of the ground. They are round the laager! Listen! *Buk—buk—buk—buk!*" He quaked horribly, imitating the sound of a pom-pom; then, wrenching his horse free, fled at a gallop across the stale dust.

"Run! Run! Run!" The shouts died away by the railway station.

"WHAT'S HERE, GERT?" HE ASKED AT THE DOOR.

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"What is it?" some one called from a hotel veranda.

"A typhoid man escaped from the hospital," the policeman answered.

"But what did he say about Cronje?" another voice demanded.

"Oh, he wanted to go and help Cronje shoot rooineks, a true patriot even when he has fever."

The policeman mounted and cantered after his patriot.

"It does not coincide wi' the telegrams. The man's right. It all stinks—o' lies," thought Allen. When he reached his roses, the Free State was poorer by the loss of one burgher.

Next day, he set up telegrams describing a large capture of mules by Cronje. The wire came from Pretoria. That afternoon Miss Frick complained pettishly that the police would not let people go up the Old Fort Hill to watch Kimberley light.

Then came by, very drunk—and this was remarkable—Dick Morgan, usually of irreproachable habits, who had wool interests in the town, and till that hour had walked discreetly. His tie was under one ear, his hat was battered out of shape, and his merry legs strayed all whither over the pavement. He sat on the steps of the post office, smiling at the police and the women who expected telegrams.

"'Shay, you bloomin' Dutchmen," he hiccoughed, "Kimberlish relieved! Kimberlish relieved! No; you don't 'rest me for talkin' dispeckfully your dam oxshwag'n government. Bobbsh comin' here! Bombard whole boilin'. G'way, you nasty, ugly Zarp! Ev'rybody Bloemfontein knowsh me! Given up wool bushnesh. Housh agent now. Take care any man's housh while he goesh temp'rily Pretoria. What offersh? Yah!" He resigned himself smiling to the embraces of the agitated Zarps; but his words, coming on the heels of many whispers, curdled the crowd as rennet curdles milk, and they drew together discussing and surmising between the ox carts and the ammunition wagons.

Forty-eight hours before he would have been a bold man who dared doubt in public that Kimberley was all their own. Now people more or less faced the notion.

"What do *you* think, Mr. Allen?" said one of the two or three hundred Koopmans of the district. "You see all the telegrams."

"I think what I thought from the beginnin'. We've listened to lies too long to care for truth. But at the same time no one likes bein' lied to less than a liar."

"Ah, you're an Uitlander at heart." It was the old taunt—from a German this time.

"I'm a Free Stater, but it will be perfectly surprisin' the number o' people that'll find they've always held Uitlander sympathies before long."

"They have not the men—they have not the men. All our predikants say so," cried a farmer of a far northwestern district.

"And there are all the powers of Europe, too, France and Russia. They will never allow such things. But I wish my man would write." This was the wife of a French photographer. "No. All Europe is against them."

"We'll see," said an English bank employee. "When they come——"

"When they come. But they will never come. Be careful!"

The bank clerk laughed. "I told you from the beginning that they would come. And they will come. They will come here; and they will go on to Pretoria. We told you from the first."

"They will not if you Free Staters fight, instead of running away," shouted a wounded man of the Vryheid commando, and his hairy fellows applauded. "You have good houses and plenty of cattle—you will not fight for them. You know the English will take them all—all—all."

"You showed them the way," Allen interrupted in the *taal*. Many voices agreed, for the northern commandoes had a keen eye for cattle, and did not always distinguish between the disloyal Dutch across the border and the agitatedly loyal Free Stater on the hither side.

"Then you should fight. If you don't

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fight our President says it will be the worse for you. Almighty! My father did not get his farm by sitting still. No! He shot the black stuff off it first, then he enjoyed God's blessing. Go you and do likewise. The northern commandoes are taking all the weight of the war."

"But it's all in our country," said Allen, as the man swung himself on to his pony. "Ye've forgotten that little matter—they haven't forgotten it by Jagersfontein."

"You were right, Allen," old Van Soelen that had been a member of the Raad growled in his beard. "We are much annexed by the Transvaal already. I said it would be so."

So far as one can find out, this day was the beginning of the bad month in Bloemfontein. No two souls agree in any one account of it. It is said that Kruger came down from the north and, with Steyn, went westward, direct to Poplar Grove. It is said he did no such thing; that the first news came in from a broken commando of Transvaalers, who had been peppered in the open from three consecutive kopjes by hidden infantry, and seeing that the rooineks were not fighting fair, had come away. This again is denied by the Transvaalers, who assert that Kruger himself attempted to check a fleeing Free State commando after Poplar Grove, and even threatened to order his Johannesburg police to fire upon them. The Free Staters—some of them—admit they told the President that if he gave such an order they would return the fire. Then, they say, began systematic cattle lifting on the part of some Transvaalers who had escaped from Cronje's laager and headed for the Vaal, driving everything with a hide on it before them. Then, they say, began the trouble with the foreign commandoes on the night that Steyn wept among the guns. And all this while there was no certain knowledge of any one thing under heaven except that somewhere to the westward lay an army. Bloemfontein did not know what an army was like, but her sons told her. She agreed—it was curious how quickly the crowds decided this—to disregard the wonderful telegrams of the "Banner," who said that France, Russia, and Germany were in arms against England. Certainly, no true patriot could fail to believe that France, Russia, and Germany would in the end rescue a poor and pious state. Meanwhile, the question before Bloemfontein, who counted her distance from the army in miles, was would the army bombard the city, as the city had sent men to bombard Kimberley, Mafeking, and Ladysmith? Also—this was not spoken above the breath—how soon could some sort of compromise be patched up which would remove these excellent Transvaal commandoes—to fight, of course, fifty or a hundred miles further on, but to fight and to steal elsewhere? Men poured in from the southern border with word that something very like another army was forming in those parts. They told tales of a new brand of Englishry from across the water who lay out all day with a pillow case full of cartridges, quite happy if they bagged—that was their horrible word—two or three patriots in eight hours. Oh, yes, there were scores of victories to report, but they always fell to the other commando. Of course the foreign powers——

"But the army is here!" said Bloemfontein sourly at last, watching President Kruger drive to the railway station. The other President—their own—they did not trouble over. That was the time when Kaffir boys laughed at the Dutch women who tried to give them orders; when men thrust the keys of their houses upon strangers with English names, and begged them to look after their villas while they went north for a little; when young Kennedy of the Royal Souvenirs, wounded and a prisoner in hospital, kissed the nun in the presence of the sister superior, and all three laughed; when a Dutch Predikant came by night to Mallett of the Wesleyan Church, and, weeping with rage, said he would burn his Bible if God forgot the Free State; when Joyce of the saddler's shop made the seventeen-foot Union Jack in a back chamber in ten hours; when the Fricks of all colors sat up in dreary assem-

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bly burning papers whose discovery might have damaged the health of Papa Frick; when seats in the Pretoria train sold at a premium and the English of the town found their advice much sought after.

"Do—do you think they will bombard us?" asked Mrs. Zandt humbly of the thirteen-year-old daughter of the bank employee. She had come to borrow a Union Jack from the girl's mother.

"I'm afraid we shan't," said the child, remembering many insults from the Zandt brood. "I am afraid it is like what my father said."

"Oh, what did your dear father say?" Mrs. Zandt clasped her hands.

"He said the Dutch always shut up when they are collared. He said you will take out the keys to us on a tea tray when we come for them. I am sorry you will not be shelled——"

"Hush, dear," said her mother, entering; "you mustn't talk like that to Mrs. Zandt."

"I don't care. *She* laughed when I told her about Uncle Andries being shelled in Kimberley. Now she comes to borrow the flag."

"But they are so close—so verree close! My God! My God! Did all my people die for this, Mrs. Pardew?" She collapsed, weeping on the sofa.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Pardew. "I don't know whether my brother is alive yet. Oh, go *away!* Don't cry here! You Dutch are so clumsy. What did you want to interfere in the war at all for, you sillies?"

Little Jenny Pardew's father spoke true. They gave up the keys decked with tricolor ribbons at the bidding of a solitary civilian, first into Bloemfontein from no higher motive, he says, than to get rooms at the club. They waved many Union Jacks, and those who could not go north discovered that their hearts had ever beaten for progress and reform. Somewhere on the veldt ran President Steyn babbling of foreign intervention. Behind him, more to be feared, was Kruger threatening death to all who bowed the knee to the invader. North, east, and west the Transvaal commandoes were drawing off with Free State cattle because, as their commandantes said, the Free Staters were cowards. Bloemfontein—and now she began to see why—had only a few wounded English prisoners in her. The bulk were at Pretoria, good hostages against evil treatment should that army— It was impossible that the army could reach Pretoria. But the army was here—in the town and outside the town—a huge, clay-colored ring. Bloemfontein rose after a restless night, climbed the hill by the fort, and looked down upon the tentless legions. They were wet, silent, and sulky—sulky even to Papa Frick, more English than the English, smirking across the green veldt, proud if he could catch the eyes of the humblest "officer."

"Well, they've come," said Allen, slipping off his coat in the pressroom. He had gone out to watch the entry of the troops, and had seen the beginnings of an ugly Kaffir riot put down by the strong hand. That did not look as if the English had employed natives in the war. The pressroom was empty, the gas engine was cold, and the Kaffir pressman sat impudently on the imposing table. Allen nodded at Bergmann's portrait.

"It's a peety you're not alive, old man! Ye've done well for my country. If there's any knowledge or device beyond the grave ye must be wrigglin' now. Now, what'll we have in hand for to-day? 'Fore God, there's no paper, o' course. Gone like rats, all of them."

Said a voice in Dessauer's room: "You see the situation, madam. I'm only a special correspondent, but I have authority to inform you—er—that we, that is the army, take over the paper. At least, the office, and the type, and the men. The name will not be continued."

"I see," said Mrs. Bergmann. "I suppose it is all right. My editor has, unfortunately, gone away. He will come back when Bloemfontein is reoccupied. But *now*, of course, you are masters here. I suppose I can take away my private papers. I had come here for that. You see, we did not expect you here so soon."

Vincent, of the Universal Agency, did

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not say that he had thrashed an exhausted pony down the street for the very purpose of forestalling Bergmann's widow. This was one of the occasions when the British army condescended to act on information received.

"I am afraid you—ah—cannot. An officer of the staff will be here in a few minutes to seal everything." Mrs. Bergmann turned white, and bit her lip. "So there is nothing further; it would only be putting you out to ask you to stay here."

"I see," said Mrs. Bergmann, and rose up, her hands saintlily folded, the mirror of affliction.

"If you will be good enough to send here as many of the compositors and so on as may be in the town I should be very much obliged. We're anxious to print a little proclamation. The men will be paid their regular wages."

He entered the pressroom rubbing his hands joyously, and confronted Allen in green carpet slippers, green velvet smoking cap, faded beard, brass spectacles, and all.

"Hullo! what are you doing here?"

"Just waitin' for orders. I'm foreman."

Vincent glanced about with suspicion. A dusty man dropped from his horse and staggered in stiffly. It was the chief correspondent of the Transatlantic Syndicate.

"Hullo, Corbett! We've commandeered the 'Banner' lock, stock, and barrel, by order. You're on the staff, too, by my order."

"I've got to describe the entry, my son. They've cut us down to two hundred and fifty words."

"Nothing but official wires going tonight. The censor told me so. Hold the fort here while I go up to Government House and get the Little Man's proclamation for Brother Boer. He wants it printed in to-day's paper. He told me to organize a staff. You're on it."

"To-day's paper? Say, this is history," said Corbett, with deep relish. "We're making it. The Syndicate can wait. I'll hold the fort."

"No one is to touch anything till Daubeny comes down. He'll seal up all the private papers of the office. I've broken the news to Mother Bergmann, and she doesn't like it. I think we've run down the Basuto proclamation at last. Lend me your pony, and I'll appoint you editor." Vincent stumbled out and galloped away. Corbett moved over to the file of the "Banner" as it lay by the window.

"Hm," he said critically, scanning the previous day's issue. "I guess this will be about the sharpest curve any paper's ever swung. Did you"—he looked at Allen with a smile—"did you believe any of this stuff about our men burning and ravishing, and being forced to fight under fire of their own guns?"

"My business was to set it up," said Allen impassively, though his heart beat hard.

"Ain't you English?"

"I'm a burgher of the Free State since 1850 odd, but I was born in Scotland. You'll be an American?"

"Yes, I'm an American. What do you think of your war?"

"Just about what you'd think if ye'd seen the country ye loved and lived in clean thrown away by a fool and a liar. That's the little and the long o't. Tell me now," Allen went on huskily, "what truth is there in that"—he nodded toward the open file—"that the English used native troops fra Injia against us?"

"Oh, it's only a lie, just as big as any of the others: about the fifteen thousand Russians at Sand River, or the invasion of London, or your three killed and five wounded, or anything else. Have you been fed on that stuff since the war?" He looked out of window at a woman in black. "Poor devils! Poor devils!"

The woman entered, not that pious widow of saintly habit who had gone away ten minutes before, but a virago unchained. Gert and four compositors followed her. In the offing, alert, uneasy, but expectant, hung a small crowd of black and half-bred boys, who in time of peace hawked the paper. They watched with open mouths.

"We have come," she shrieked, "for some private letters of—of my dead hus-

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band. If you are anything like what they call an English gentleman——"

Corbett's large face lit with the blandest of smiles.

"Well, madam, as Eugene Field said of himself, *I* was livin' in a tree when I was caught. I'm only a semi-civilized American. If you wish to appeal to my finer instincts, they perished long ago in the stress of this campaign. But if you will indicate in what manner——"

"Oh, you silly-talking fool. Do you know who I am? I am *his* widow." She pointed to the picture on the wall.

"Was he killed in this war?" said Corbett. "You have my sincerest——"

"No! No! No! I want some papers from this office. Gert, go to the office and get them." Corbett rolled one eye at the young Dutchman.

"Mister Gert," he said, "happy to make your acquaintance. This places the affair on a different footing. May I ask your—um—where you come in?"

"Compositor," said Gert of the black finger-nails, without stirring.

"Then I'm afraid your friend will be apt to lose a comp if you act on her instructions. Nothing in the office must be touched till the arrival of——"

"I tell you in three weeks you will be driven out of Bloemfontein and shot to pieces! I tell you there will not be a rooinek left in the country! I tell you I will remember this when you go to prison for the winter! It will be cold in the iron sheds. You will see! Let me take away my private letters. You only want money. You can sell all the rest——"

"Hullo!" said the Hon. Wilfred Daubeny, Captain on the staff of the Field Marshal Commanding in Chief, torn by Vincent from his first fair meal in three weeks. He was as filthy as the rest of the army. In one hand he held a stick of aventurine sealing wax, and in the other a cheap glass seal of French manufacture, representing a dove with an olive branch over the legend *Amour*, all fished out of President Steyn's pen tray.

"Thank God," said Corbett, fervently. "This gentleman, madam, will be only too happy to talk to you in the office over yonder. Have you brought the proclamation, Vincent? We must set it up at once. Go on, Daubeny. You'll like her."

He indicated the office at the far end of the pressroom and wiped his brow. "For undiluted craziness, Vincent, your war lays over our Cuban business. I can't say more than that."

Vincent produced a printed sheet and paused, screwing up his short-sighted blue eyes. "How the deuce does one commandeer a paper?" said he.

"There's no precedent, if that's what's troubling you," said Corbett. "The English are unhappy without precedents, I know. Let me try. Mister Gert & Co.! In the name of God and the Constitution of the United States—beg pardon, Vincent. I forgot it wasn't my war. Oh, yes. There's a foreman. So there is. What's your name?"

"Allen."

"That's a good start," said Vincent. "Now, Mr. Allen, set up this proclamation quick. It's for to-day."

"Have you any preferences about type?" said Allen, smiling in spite of himself.

"Type—type. Oh, nice fat black type," said Vincent. "Here have I been a journalist all my life, and I don't know one type from another, Corbett."

"There's Grady outside," said the American. "He's been in the business. Appoint him to the staff at once. Hi, Grady! You're appointed sub-editor of the Bloemfontein 'Despatch.' Come in and sub-edit."

"I was looking for you," said Grady of the Unlimited Wire, dismounting. "Did you try to produce a paper without *me?* You journalists? You're a lot of penny-a-liners. Not half a bad plant, either," he sniffed round the office critically.

"When you've quite done your professional antics perhaps you'll help us bring out this damn proclamation," said Vincent. "Bobs wants it thrown broadcast

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at Brother Boer as soon as possible. It won't enlighten Brother Boer, but it will please Bobbins."

"Leave me alone—I'm thinking." Then to Allen, who was sorting the copy into takes: "Just use your old advertisements and any standing matter you've got——"

"It's no just likely to suit the present situation. It's sayin' that ye used natives fra Injia against us."

"We didn't," said Grady. "Personally, I think it was a great mistake. A few Pathans would have done you a lot of good, but we happen to be a moral people. No, the standing matter is probably useless. Got any old ads—stereo matter?"

"There the National Museum notice, an' here's a Vereeniging coal advertisement," said Allen. "But they've commandeered all the coal there, an' it's a far cry to Vereeniging."

"Never mind," said Corbett, sitting on the table. "We'll be at Vereeniging soon, and the National Museum's the one place I've always wanted to see. Look among the stereos."

"Good old Mellin!" said Vincent, turning over a pile of plated slabs. "'The natural food for a babe is mother's milk.' My God! d'you remember those kids at Kimberley after the relief, Grady, an' the row of babies' graves?"

"Yes," Grady answered with a sudden ferocity. He had been five months in the field. "And the refuge trains, too. Here you!" to Allen, who jumped at the change of tone. "Lord Roberts' proclamation goes, in English and Dutch, on the front page. Fill in the rest with old advertisements. Bring me a proof when you've done. You're responsible that the thing looks decent, and God help you if you try to play any funny tricks on us."

"I'm not in the habit o' shirkin' my work," said Allen stoutly.

"I'm sick of it," Grady went on. "Kimberley and Ladysmith had to stand it, and Mafeking's standing it now, but the minute these brutes get the worst of it they hang up a Union Jack, and Bobs fawns on 'em—simply fawns on 'em! Look at his proclamation. He'll be sorry for it before he's done. *I* know the Dutch."

Here the Hon. Wilfred Daubeny came out of Dessauer's office, sucking a burnt thumb.

"She's a lunatic—an absolute ravin' lunatic," he said, "an' this beastly stuff has dropped all over me. Must I seal everything here? There isn't much wax left, and—" he looked round the office. "What's the idea o' the operations?"

"Steyn's forgotten to take away about a ton of most interesting documents from his house," said Vincent. "I saw the Intelligence Department looking almost intelligent over it this afternoon. Perhaps we shall find something nice here."

Allen was setting up the sentence: "*The British Government believes that this act of aggression was not committed with the general approval and free will of a people with whom it had lived in complete amity for so many years.*" He glanced at the portrait of the late Mr. Bergmann, thought of the Basuto proclamation, and groaned.

"Any truth in the yarn that they've found a lot of cipher telegrams between Cape Town and Pretoria up at Steyn's place?" said Vincent.

"I believe so," Grady answered. "But it was nothing compromising. It never is, worse luck. How's that proclamation coming on? Be quick there!"

"I think you'd better seal the door of the office when we've done, Daubeny," said Vincent. "Ritson of the Intelligence will be down to-morrow to search the place."

"They'd climb in through the windows if they wanted to take anything away," said Grady, jerking a thumb at Gert.

"Then Daubeny will put on a sentry till Ritson has done. One sentry for to-night, on toast, Daubeny, please. What the deuce do all these little nigger boys want to look in at the windows for?"

"All right. Must I stay here till you've done? I'm awfully hungry."

"You've no eye for history and the drama. Here we are commandeering the

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whole plant and outfit of a flourishing daily paper (it's never happened before) in the heart of a captured city at eight hours' notice, and you prefer to eat," said Corbett.

"We'll be merciful. Proof's almost ready," Grady replied, as Allen slid the takes into position. "I don't know much Dutch, but if I find out you've put any hanky-panky misprints into the Dutch version, my friend, you'll hear about it."

"Man—man," said Allen suddenly, his mouth quivering under his beard, "I'm—I'm a Free State burgher."

"Is that a recommendation?"

"An'—an' I was one of Blackwood's men once. D'ye think I'd cheat in a professional matter?"

Now Grady had been close friend to Hawke, who was crippled for life under cover of the white flag on the southwestern border.

The forms were locked up; Allen, for the first time in years, started the oil engine with his own hand, and the new-christened Bloemfontein "Despatch" slapped and slid through the presses.

"No lack of paper," said Grady, looking at the huge block of damp sheets. "I wonder how many lies they've worked off on Brother Boer since the war began. Your men"—he addressed himself to Allen—"will come here to-morrow at nine on the usual wages, every man jack of them. By the way, how d'you sell your papers?"

"Oh, they've some little native boys that usually cry it. They'll be waitin' outside. Our regular subscribers are most likely on commando."

"Splendid! Corbett, old man, run out and stop that buck wagon. We'll send a batch of papers up to Government House to please the Little Man. What d'you say to issuing the first number of the new *régime* gratis to the populace?"

"No," said Vincent, "that would look as if we were anxious to obtrude Bobs's views on 'em. Charge the old rates. Here! I'll help fold the papers. Come on, Daubeny! Make the comps work, too. Shove the papers out on the pavement and let the nigger boys fight for 'em. Run, you little devils! A ticky apiece is the price and no reduction."

"It's history. It's drama. And we're right in the middle of the stage," cried Corbett, on his knees among the folded papers. "Where under the sun did those kids spring from? It's like New York. Here you are, sonny. Remember it's 'Despatch,' not 'Banner' to-day."

"Yaas, Baas. 'Despaatch,'" said a half-naked imp, clasping his bundle to his bosom. "I know Anglish."

"Go ahead, then! Six cen—threepence a copy, no reduction. Who says the Kaffir is not in the van of progress? Listen to 'em, boys! Just listen to 'em!"

"*Despaatch! Bloemfontein Bannaar! Paaper! Bloemfontein Despaatch!*" Then high and shrill, the voice of a small Dutchling:

"*Lord* Rabbats's *proclamation! Onlee one ticky! Bannaar!*" They cut across the crowd in the market square like minnows in an aquarium; they yelled before the shuttered shops of those who feared looting; they burst through knots of soldiery; they importuned unhappy burghers on the pavement; they dodged under the wheels of ambulances; lone pickets penetrated dusty side streets, or invaded the back gardens of closed houses from the Raadzaal to the railway station. The English had come and the day of the dreaded Amabuna had ended. Wherefore, not regarding the threats of Kruger or Steyn, they vehemently proclaimed the news of their race's deliverance, while Vincent helped Daubeny, with the last of the sealing wax, seal the pressroom doors.

Allen mechanically sought his corner by the chemist's shop, but in the roaring come and go of khaki there was no peace. He saw the English, and they were many, rejoicing as men rejoice who say "I told you so," and see their words come true; he saw the extremists sullen in the side streets, each heartening his fellow with prophecies of the Federals' return; he heard the new "loyalists'" extra loud tones raised to catch the ear of the passing

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soldier; and black-clad women weeping in the verandas. But these wept only for their sons and their husbands. Here and there were the older men known to Allen since the days of Moshesh's war, hunters once, farmers and wool growers now, who had not believed in closer union with the Transvaal—who had seen their words overborne first by the Hollander and next by the Hollander-infected burgher; who had sat still to watch the ruin of their beloved land, knowing the ruin was irretrievable. Theirs was the greater pain.

"We've done well—we've done well," said Allen brokenly to Van Soelen, whom he found staring through the shut gates of the Raadzaal, at the head of the town.

"We have done well," said the old man. "I spoke against it in my place there." He pointed to the doors on which the English had not thought it worth while to put a sentry. "You heard me?"

"God help us, Van Soelen, that was a year ago! Given away for a handful of Boer tobacco, I said. . . . Think they'll ever catch him?"

"In hell, may be. And he is away! He has done it all, all, all! He will get away. He and that other will get away! Martens was right. It is good to burn our Bibles in these days. God has forgotten the Free State. They drove off all my cattle at Wondershoek before they went north. They called my son a coward. They sjamboked my black stuff, and then they rode away to—fight on their own border! If ever I break bread with a Transvaaler——"

He leaned his head against the railings and tugged foolishly at his long beard.

"We owe them more than we can ever pay, for sure," said Allen, and went on to his roses. Walking with bent head, past the abandoned houses of old-time tea parties and the leisurely skirt-steered sluttish life of forty good years, he cannoned into a uniform.

"I beg your pardon," said he.

"I'm sure I beg yours." Allen glanced at the face. A photograph of it cut from an illustrated paper was pasted in an obscure corner of the pressroom.

"You're General——" he said.

"They say so. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Tell me now, did ye, or did ye not, use native troops fra Injia against us?"

"Of course not, man."

"You'll be a Highlander?" The tone implied the rest.

"I'm tellin' you," said the general, with an equal simplicity.

"Then in God's name, who kept the Basutos off us?"

"Lagdon, of course, an' a dooms hard job it has been to him. Where'll you be from, in the old country?"

"Me! I'm a burgher o' the Free State."

He pushed on into the twilight with erect head. The evil was done past remedy, but there remained, so far, the author. For the wreck of the Free State no power could touch the man, and indeed, as Allen judged it, the fault lay with the burghers. But for the Basuto proclamation there must surely be a vengeance, cold and pursuing across all the seas. Allen stretched his mind to the limit of his world. They should know him in Cape Town and among the Bond. Bergmann should hear of it in his place of torment. Natal, where they were strict on the native question, should be warned, and the mad Englishry of the North—"Plumer's lot," Allen named them—should hunt him down. Delagoa Bay, alas! was open. He might escape that way, indeed, but never again should he look upon the high South African stars, the clear veldt, or the faces of his people.

"He shall live as Cain lived, if there's any power in me to compass it," said Allen, turning in to his little gate. The little houses on either side were empty, hastily barricaded with corrugated iron that could be kicked in by a child. The keys lay on Allen's tea table in the veranda with notes from the late owners. His wife's niece had gone three days before, leaving a black girl to see to the house. Across the broad street, with its patches of grass,

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a family of English sat out in their garden, drinking tea—not coffee—under the shadow of the Union Jack. A fat old woman in black walked aimlessly from one side of the way to the other, weeping and waving black-gloved hands. For the rest, the street was deserted, but through the hot air came the deep hum of many thousands encamped within rifle shot. The little winds were heavy with the smell of men and oxen and horses, and under the red flare of the sunset the veldt for miles and miles heaved and crawled with transport wagons.

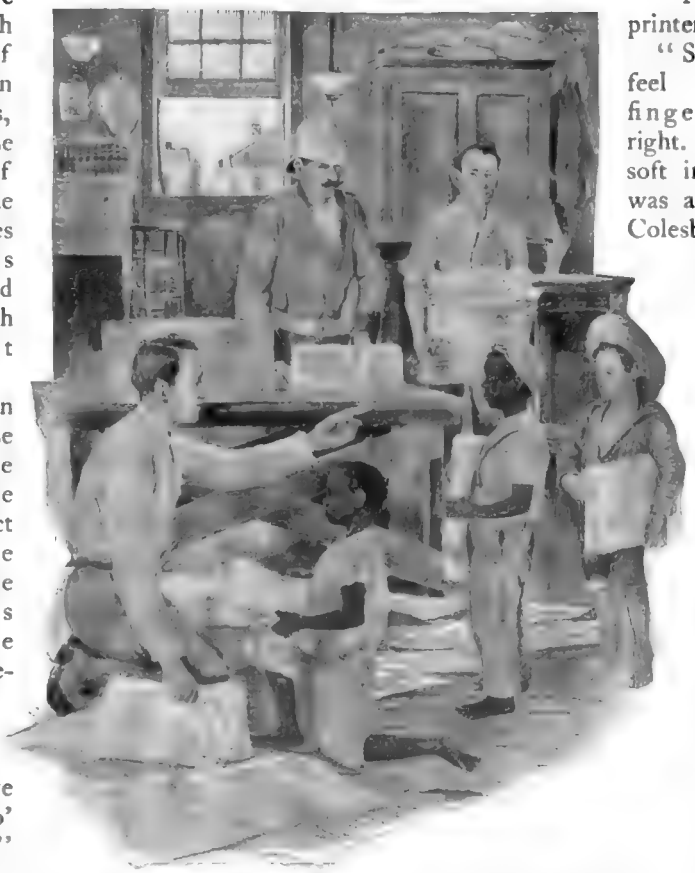
A man on a spent horse rounded the corner. He kept the exact centre of the street, his rifle across his arm, sure signs he belonged to a colonial corps.

"Will ye drink a cup o' coffee?" cried Allen.

"Will I? Try me." He slipped from his beast and pushed through the heavy-scented rose bushes with a creaking of leather accoutrements. "Who are you?"

The soft gentle drawl betrayed the son of the Old Colony, even if the modelling of the forehead and the base of the nose had been overlooked.

"I'm a burgher of the Free State," said Allen.



"YAAS, BAAS. 'DESPAATCH,'" SAID A HALF-NAKED IMP, CLASPING HIS BUNDLE TO HIS BOSOM.

The boy, for he was little older for all his ten or twelve fights, dropped into the *taal* at once, found a chair between Allen and the light, and stretched his legs on the rail. The muzzle of his rifle canted carelessly towards Allen's chest and his hand played with the trigger guard.

"Have you been out on commando, uncle?" he asked deferentially.

"No, I am a printer here."

"So? Let me feel your trigger-finger. That's right. It is all soft inside. There was an old man at Colesberg very like you. I fired at him for half a day, but he was clever. A good shot, too. So now it is all done, eh? You think your presidents will come back?"

Allen shook his head as he passed over the full cup.

"They all say that. I hope they will try again. We have not shot enough of you to make you soft yet."

"They said here you used natives from Injia to fight us."

"Almighty! I wish we had. The English stood up too much and got killed. They were fools! We could have managed Stormberg without fifty dead men. And Paardeburg, too."

"Then you did not use natives?"

"Of course not. We are not so stupid as you to play black against white. Un-

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cle, there is a very bad time coming for the burghers when your Kaffirs get free from the gun teams, when they talk together and find out what you have been doing to them. You boasted too much. One should never boast before the black stuff. Either do or not do, but don't talk and not do."

"You did not use natives from Injia, then?" Allen repeated heavily.

"What fools you Dutch are! You believe anything your Predikants tell you. Here is our army. Go and look at it. You were quick enough to take kodaks of our dead on the Natal side, and to sell them in the shops. If there had been natives you could have kodaked them. That is just like you Dutch—at one time so clever with your guns and your pom-poms and then—Dutch."

"I was born an Englishman," Allen whispered to himself.

"Ah, but you are Dutch at heart, though. I believe that the black stuff are only black; and *I* think the English troops are spoiling them altogether. We shall never get the black stuff to work for us again till they are well thrashed; but I don't believe they are only *bavians* (baboons). *You* do, uncle, and you have dealt that way with them. That is why there will be trouble, I think, before we can stop it. Eh?"

"I never thought that. I did not believe in the way we treat the black stuff. It is wrong."

"Oh, that is what you say now the game is up. Go over to Tabanchu and tell it to the Basutos. Tell it to the Swazis. Tell it to the Zulus. There is trouble coming from there for you, uncle—not to count all the black stuff that the Zarps used to rob on the gold fields." He lit his pipe and admired his spurs for a moment. "You were friendly with any of the government here, uncle? You heard them talk?"

"I have heard a great deal of talk."

"Of course. . . . Steyn has carried off most of his letters with him. It is a pity. The imperial staff are searching the house now. If they had let us colonials in we should have known where to look."

"What do you want, then?" Allen spoke listlessly; he was very tired.

"Ah, now you talk well, uncle. You speak like an upright burgher." The boy laid his hand almost caressingly on Allen's knee. "You see that the game is up. They all lied to you. Now you can speak the truth. Look!" He fumbled in his belt and drew out half a handful of English gold. "I am 'Wort' Trollip's son from East London. You have heard of him? He is not a poor man, eh? *I* can give you this. My father sent me on commando—with the corps, I mean—not poor. But *he* can give you twice as much again and nobody will know."

"What?"

"Anything you care to tell me that you know about the ammunition that came up from Kapstaad before the war. Oh, I don't mean all the stuff that came up to Bloemfontein, but the big load that went up from Cape Town and was kept at Belmont by *our* government's order at the end of August."

"I know nothing about it."

The boy laughed and jingled the sovereigns. "You have forgotten, uncle. We know now, of course, why you wanted the ammunition kept at Belmont. It was very useful and you were very slim. But do you know what letters were sent from our government at Kapstaad about it—the ammunition at Belmont—to your President here? Oh, I do not expect you saw the letters, but there must have been some joke about it in the market square. It was so very convenient for you, the Belmont ammunition."

"Joke! Whaur's the joke?"

"Oh, not now, of course. The joke is ours, but I will give you ten or twenty of these if you can remember any man who talked about that ammunition waiting for you at Belmont. The first we knew about it was when it was said in our Raad at Kapstaad that the ammunition had been stopped at Belmont, by our government's order. You must have known much more

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here . . . and . . . they do not let us colonials look for letters in the proper places. What is the matter, uncle?"

Allen leaned forward with his face in his hands and rocked to and fro. The boy patted him on the back. "It is not the little fish we want to catch," said he. "It is the big ones, *Kabbeljauws* in our own water. If Frick were given a scare he might tell, but he is selling things to the troops. My father knows him. Come, uncle, the game is up. Tell me what you know. Nothing will happen to the men *here*. Why are you crying? I am not going to hurt you."

"Hurt me? How could ye now?" Allen recovered himself with a gulp. "I can tell ye nothing but . . . why should I feel hurt? We've earned it fairly. Only—only let me alone, child. Mind the step there, and don't hurt my roses."

The newly created staff of the "Despatch" pranced joyously outside the press-room's sealed door till such time as Captain Ritson, of the Intelligence Department, should enter upon his search. They counted sixty-seven pitched battles among the three of them and skirmishes innumerable. It was their business to run without ceasing from strife to strife at a rumor, in constant peril of death, imprisonment, disease, and the wrath of criticised brigadiers; seeing all things, foreseeing all things; fording all things; riding all things; eating all things; providing all things; holding fast to the wire. Three continents waited on their words for the truth, and in their hands lay the reputation of every combatant officer. But they took it lightly, from the snubbings of the excited aide-de-camp, who does not understand how a newspaper man can be a human being, to the high-pitched blasphemies of a semi-delirious general trying to curse his command out of a trap into which, against all warning, he proudly marches in close order. Refreshed after sleep on a real bed, and meals at a table, they were saying what they thought of the campaign in language no press censor would have countersigned.

"And, by the way, I've done a bully leader for to-day," said Corbett. "'Tisn't often an American can lay down the law to a British possession. Let it go in, Vincent. It's your war, but it's my fun."

"Never!" Grady struck an attitude. "We don't conquer states for the Transatlantic Syndicate to slop over."

"Did you do a leader, then?" Vincent asked pointedly.

"Me? Are you mad or drunk? I went to bed—with sheets—at nine last night," the fat Grady replied.

"Then America gets it. I swear *I'm* not going to do leaders. They've given me about ten columns of camp and brigade orders. I rely on those. Mustn't spoil the public too early."

"There's my friend from Blackwood's." Corbett spied Allen at the head of his little band of compositors coming round the corner. "See here, Mr. Allen, I've a most important leader I want you to set up at once. I'm sorry it's written in pencil, but— 'Mornin', Ritson." The officer of the Intelligence Department cantered up. "Break in Daubeny's seals and let's get to work. We want to-day's paper to be a beauty."

"All right. I'll do the searching in half an hour, and then you can go on." He passed into Dessauer's office with Grady and Corbett. Allen, in the unswept pressroom, looked forlorn and very old. Vincent, quick to notice, gave him a most human "good morning."

"Thank ye. What'll they be lookin' for there?"

"Oh, documents of all sorts."

"I—I think I could show you one, maybe," he whispered by the hand press under Bergmann's picture.

"Which one d'you mean?" said Vincent quickly.

"A—well, it's not in English." He had lain awake all night in a chair thinking his way to this end. Gert and the others were scrubbing yesterday's type before releasing it. "It's here." His face worked with an agony hidden from the other.

"I see. Thank you."

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"No thanks to me. I'm a burgher o' the Free State. I've worked here since seventy-five, but I'm not tryin'—I'm not tryin' to justify myself."

He hung with half-opened mouth on Vincent's next action. Would the man jingle sovereigns at him as the Colonial had done?

Vincent stepped into the editorial room where the Intelligence officer was examining Dessauer's old bills, and gave him the news.

"He seems rather a decent old chap. I dare say you could make something out of him. He's horribly scared, of course."

"Thanks," said Captain Ritson. "I expected this. I'll settle it at once."

He rose, walked down the office to where Allen, surrounded by Gert and the others, dealt copy of Corbett's leader under a running fire of instructions from the American.

"Why, I'd ha' died," said Corbett delightedly, "sooner than let an Englishman lead off with the first leader of a commandeered Cuban paper. The way you English miss your chances is stupefying! Are you through yet, Ritson?"

"I hear," said Ritson, looking directly at Allen, "that you know where there is a copy of the Basuto proclamation which was set up in this office. You will give it to me at once."

Allen turned towards Vincent like a hunted dog. This was ten thousand times worse than any offer of money. Gert, Mrs. Bergmann's pet employee, stood within arm's reach of him; the others, his subordinates, even closer. And it was demanded that he then and there should lead to the old newspaper file where he had hidden away the terrible thing. One cannot deny a quarter of a century of habit, use, and dear custom easily—in a loud voice—before one's yokefellows. In less than the lifting of an eyebrow, Grady and Corbett, trained to the mastery of situations, had comprehended this last—the pity, the horror, and the loneliness of it. Moreover, Corbett had caught a sidelight in Gert's eye which did not promise well for the old man. Ritson, clean-shaven and precise under his red-rimmed staff cap, waited for the answer.

"What are ye talkin' aboot?" said Allen, running a dry tongue over a drier lip. The merciless sun hit full on his face.

"It's no use trying to lie. I mean the Basuto proclamation. We know all about it."

"Pro—pro—pro— What should I know about the proclamation?"

"Look here, Ritson," said Corbett, "we don't mind your searching the whole office, but we do object to your searching our men when we're trying to make them work. Mister Gert—happy to meet you again, Mister Gert—looks rather guilty. Besides, he's not a good comp. Take him into the machinery-room and shoot him. Run along, Gert."

The face of the black-nailed Dutchman turned a cheerful gray-green. He was as ignorant of the etiquette of a conquering army as that army itself.

"Of course he doesn't know," said Vincent. "If Dessauer had any sense he'd have taken it with him. How's your leader coming on, Mr. Allen?"

"I've just sorted it, sir. We'll have it set in twenty minutes—if—if I may go on with my work." The yellow-veined hand on the proof-press shook. Bergmann from the wall seemed to be enjoying his woe.

"Look out for Gert!" said Grady to Ritson. "He's edging off. A thorough, quick search is the only thing now that they've got the alarm. We'll all help." He flung open the doors of a hanging cupboard with a crash, and broke up the little crowd.

"That's it," said Corbett. "Come here, Gert, with me. We'll investigate the machinery-room. Don't be afraid. You shan't be shot till you've set up my leader."

Grady, telegraphed to by Corbett, tucked two compositors under his wing, and motioned the other two to follow Ritson. Vincent called Allen by eye.

"'Fore God," said the old man, trembling from head to foot, "how could—

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how was I to up an' tell him there before them all? They were my subordinates! Could ye expect me to? He didn't know what it meant."

"Hsh! It's all right," said Vincent tenderly. Then raising his voice: "Mr. Allen, what have we in hand of old matter?" The others, shepherded by Grady, passed into the machinery-room. "Get it now," said Vincent.

Allen motioned to an old file of mixed job and proof slips tossed under a case-cabinet and fouled with dust. "The fourth from the bottom, I think," he whispered. "Ye'll no mind if—if I sit down for a minute. I've no wish to curry favor, but you needn't believe that."

The proof was found, slipped off, and into Vincent's pocket, and the file kicked back out of sight. Allen sat heavily on the wreck of a bottomless chair, and drummed on the arms with his knuckles.

"THE FOURTH FROM THE BOTTOM, I THINK," HE WHISPERED.

"Ye—ye did not use natives fra' Injia against us. How could I up an' tell him there before Gert? I'm—I'm not as young as I was, an' there's a power o' thinkin' involved after twenty-five years. But by all rules, it's perfectly damnable. Ye'll admit that, sir."

Vincent could not quite see the drift of the last remark, but echoed it at a venture.

"Don't think about it. We'll go on with to-day's make-up."

They were deep in casting off brigade and camp orders when Ritson came out of the machinery-room alone.

"I can't find anything," he said, and Allen winced at the voice.

"I've got it. Here!" Vincent whispered.

The paper was passed over. Ritson paused a moment, then turned on his heel and resumed the search as though nothing had happened.

Half an hour later the staff of the Bloemfontein "Despatch" fell to work in Dessauer's office, with much laughter and more zeal.

"Did Ritson get it, after all?" said Grady, of a sudden, whereat Vincent told the tale from beginning to end.

"Fellow-citizens!" Corbett rose ponderously in his place, "I wish to say something pretty right here. I love you all—God bless you!—but I want to point out that for comprehensive, consistent, glass-eyed, bottle-bellied, frozen-headed folly, you English beat all God's suffering earth! Vincent is the King Fool—the Imperial Ass. He has a scoop under his hand which—which—why, there isn't an adjective in the English language——"

"'Our glorious common heritage'; don't forget that, old man," Vincent chuckled.

"Yes, but you're the asses who graze on that common! I won't try to describe Vincent's scoop. Suffice it to say, as Grady always cables, he chucks that scoop away. Not with both hands merely, but with his teeth and his toe-nails and the sweat of his brow he climbs kopjes to thrust the scoop into the hands of the most effete, paralytic, and bung-eyed government the century has produced. And

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what will that government do with it? Dry up, Grady; I'm beginning to understand the British Government. It will say, 'Here is another link in the chain of evidence.' Then it will take and bury that proclamation in a sarcophagus lest anybody should accidentally find it out. It'll get up in the middle of the night, and dig one out of solid granite with its own thick head. That proclamation should have been facsimilied in every paper in the universe, same as that Boer receipt for twenty thousand rounds of dum-dum wasn't. No! Your government will put it away in a blue book, which will come out a year or two after Steyn is a virtuous Amsterdammer or—yes, I accept the amendment, Grady; we're as big fools as you are, almost—a citizen of Hoboken, N. J. Nobody will read it, nobody will know about it, and then the English will wonder why they're misunderstood. Hullo! Come in."

"I've a darned good mind to distribute your leader," said Vincent. "But you're quite right, Corbett. We are the biggest fools unhung. What is it, Mr. Allen?"

"I—I wanted to let you gentlemen understand that I did what I did just now as an individual. It's o' no earthly importance to any one but myself—anything connected wi' me. I know that. But ye'll understand. I'm not for takin' any oath of allegiance, or sayin' I'm glad to see you here, or hangin' out a Union Jack, or any o' that like."

Grady's eyebrows drew together. The vision of poor Hawke bleeding from the volley under the white flag was always with him. He would have spoken, but Vincent raised his hand. Allen clung to the edge of the thin plank door.

"Tak it or leave it, as ye will. God judge me, if he's not forgotten us, we deserve it. I did it as a burgher of the Free State."

## KATHLEEN.

BRIGHT, beguiling,
Saucy, smiling,
  Colleen darlint', colleen oge,
Why did ever
I endeavor
  To secure so sharp a rogue?

Why should I then
Sadly sigh when
  Well I know 'tis all in vain,
And the chance is
That your glances
  Will but bring me bitter pain?

Ah! but reason
Has no season
  In the golden age of love,
When you beckon
Shall I reckon
  On the cloud that hangs above?

Ah! what rapture,
Could I capture
  Such a charming merry elf,
Thus I ponder,
And I wonder
  If I really am myself.

Since the morrow
May bring sorrow,
  On it I'll no thought bestow,
Sure the present
Is so pleasant
  That I quite forget my woe.

I'm distracted
Yet attracted,
  For such beauty ne'er was seen
In God's creatures,
Like the features
  Of my cruel, cold Kathleen.

G. D. LYNCH.

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THE DOWAGER EMPRESS.

# THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.

## A SLAVE GIRL WHO MOUNTED A THRONE.

By Reginald Maingay.

*As will be seen, this is the most interesting article which has yet been published on the Chinese Dowager Empress's marvellous career. The illustrations will be found particularly striking, many of them being exclusive and unique; and, coming at such a juncture, the article is peculiarly topical.*

The Dowager Empress of China rejoices in the name of Tszehi-Toanyu-Kangi-Chaoyu-Chuangcheng-Shokung-Chinhien-Chungsih, but such a name being clumsy, they call her simply Tze-hsi. She is a lady of middle height, with black hair, dark eyes, and feet shaped according to nature. A witty journalist described her as the only man in the Celestial Empire. Such is the Empress-Dowager of China.

It has been frequently stated that Tze-hsi's parents were of the lowest social grade—actors according to some, small merchants according to others. Both statements are erroneous. Tze-hsi's father, Li-Tzun, was a Manchu noble who held, some years before the birth of his daughter, an important government post at Pekin. The poor man fell upon evil days; he lost, through no fault of his,

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THE ARRIVAL AT THE PALACE OF PRESENTS FROM THE VICEROYS AND MANDARINS UPON THE WEDDING OF THE EMPRESS.

both wealth and position, and left Pekin to try his luck at Fu-Chau. But at Fu-Chau he was equally unfortunate, and the year 1843 found him almost in a state of utter destitution at Canton.

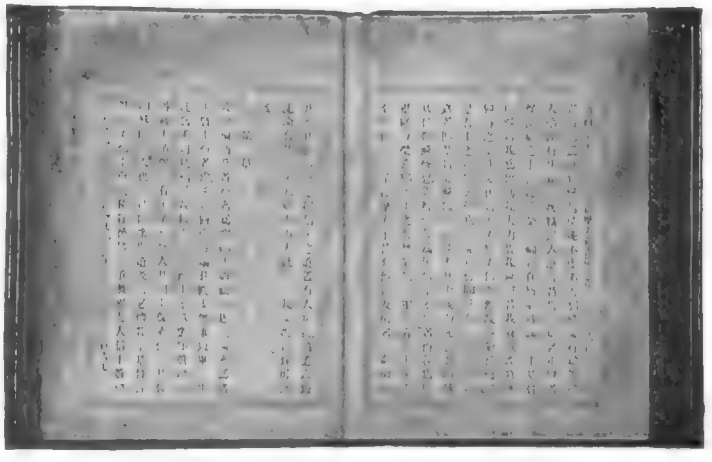
But as far as his domestic affairs were concerned, fate had dealt generously with Li-Tzun. His wife seems to have been an exemplary person, who bore her many and grievous afflictions with patience and fortitude, and presented her husband with a healthy son and daughter, both of whom were destined for great things—the son to a generalship in the Chinese army; the daughter, Yin-Ling, as she was called in those days, to reign in solitary grandeur over a quarter of the world's inhabitants.

But the future is a closed book; and in 1845 the unhappy Li-Tzun knew only that his affairs had reached a crisis, and that starvation stared him in the face. In such dire straits, what is a man to do? He must, of course, sell his children; but Li-Tzun, whose parental affections appear to have been strong, was loth to do so until Yin-Ling, with commendable unselfishness, suggested it herself. She could not bear to be a drag on her parents.

SILVER-BOUND NEW TESTAMENT, A PRESENT TO THE DOWAGER EMPRESS. THE CENTRE PLATE BEARS THE WORDS: "HOLY CLASSIC OF SALVATION."

And now the girl's lucky star made its first peep over the horizon. At Canton had arrived a few weeks previously a fine personage, General Ti-Du to wit, a distant relative of the Emperor; him the afflicted Li-Tzun had known in happier days, and to him he now repaired, daughter and all. He told his tale and made his offer. Would Ti-Du buy the girl? She was strong and healthy and fair. Ti-Du could have her for a song—merely fifty taels. Surely the money was well laid out—the girl would amply repay him!

Well, the upshot of the



THE NEW TESTAMENT, OPEN AT I. TIMOTHY II.

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matter was that the general planked down the money, and Yin-Ling changed hands.

Almost from the commencement of her career as a slave she found favor in the eyes of the general and his wife. In the first place, General Ti-Du and his wife were uncommonly worthy and generous, and had no children of their own; in the second place, Yin-Ling was remarkably beautiful, charming (according to Chinese ideals, be it remarked), talented, ambitious, and, above all, diplomatic. Such was the situation, and it followed logically that she soon became her "pocket parents'" prime favorite. She was not immured in the Yamen, or family establishment, as was the fate of domestic slaves in general, but was permitted a certain amount of freedom. Her singular intelligence soon attracted the general's notice; he hired teachers for her; she learned reading, writing, ethics, astronomy, and other female accomplishments, and before she was fifteen years of age she was known as one of the cleverest and most desirable young women in Canton.

CURIOUS SPECIMEN OF THE DRAWING AND WRITING OF THE DOWAGER EMPRESS'S GRANDSON.

It was in 1850 that Hsien-Fung, who had just succeeded his father, Taokwang, on the imperial throne of China, issued a proclamation requesting all girls of Manchu descent to present themselves at the Imperial Palace at Pekin, that they might be examined with a view to becoming secondary wives of the "Son of Heaven." For such is the custom in China: a wife is selected for the Emperor; she is the chief of his household, the Empress, and shares with her husband the throne; after her follow a bevy of wives of the second grade, and from these, should the Empress die, the Emperor chooses a substitute; then come an unlimited number of wives of the third grade, who have but a slender chance of promotion.

Yin-Ling, walking one day in the city, read this proclamation. Returning home, she gravely informed her "pocket parents," as they are called in China, that she proposed to become one of the Emperor's secondary wives, and begged them to use their influence and wealth on her behalf. At first the general and his wife refused to take her seriously, and turned a deaf ear to her entreaties; but finally in this, as in all else, Yin-Ling, by dint of diplomacy and perseverance, succeeded, and managed to persuade her "pocket parents" to do all in their power to assist her. They changed her legal status from a slave to an adopted daughter; they dressed her as became the daughter of a Manchu noble (for such, as I have related, was poor Li-Tzun), and they despatched her with necessary funds to Pekin.

Many went to that examination; few passed it successfully. Of some six hundred Manchu virgins five hundred and ninety were disqualified; but among the lucky ten was Yin-Ling. She had passed, so to speak, with honors. The Empress-Dowager of the time, who is, in these cases, the chief examiner, declared, in so many words, that any virtues of which Yin-Ling was not the possessor were hardly worth having. She was virtuous, she was accomplished, perfect from heel to head, and from head to heel exquisitely turned! It was a marvellous leap—a slave girl one day, among the highest ladies in the land the next; but Yin-Ling showed no unbecoming exultation. If report is to be

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THE DOWAGER EMPRESS, FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.

trusted, she took her promotion with admirable calm, and certainly without the least astonishment.

Yin-Ling's career was now beginning; its prologue, so to speak, had come to an end with her entry into the Imperial Palace, where for the next fifty years she was to become the centre of all the cabals and conspiracies with which one naturally associates China and its wonderful capital. Her first desire was to gain the notice of Hsien-Fung—no easy matter, for the Emperor may pass a whole lifetime without even knowing the names of three-quarters of his wives. But Yin-Ling was not the woman to let difficulties of any kind daunt her, and she set about gaining her object in a manner eminently worthy of her singular genius. With the utmost humility she besought Tze-An, the Empress, to take her as a maid, expressing at the same time the deepest admiration for her mistress's virtues and charms. Tzė-An was no fool, and received these advances coldly at first, suspecting, no doubt, some hidden motive behind the honeyed speech and adoring glance. But Yin-Ling stuck to her guns, despite snubs and frigid glances, and managed at the same time to make herself popular with the other wives.

Tze-An's suspicions were gradually lulled to rest, and almost imperceptibly, with such skill did the intriguer go to work, Yin-Ling became indispensable to her, and was never away from her side. It was thus that she came to the notice of Hsien-Fung, a man, if report errs not, who appreciated a pretty face when he saw it. Becoming bolder, Yin-Ling included the Emperor in her manœuvres; he became, in course of time, deeply enamored of her, and five years after her entry into the Imperial Palace, the ex-slave girl presented her husband with an heir to the throne of China, for Tze-An was childless.

This was Yin-Ling's great opportunity. Was the mother of the future Emperor to remain a secondary wife? Surely such a state of affairs would be against all precedent! Hsien-Fung admitted as much, but was at loss to find a remedy. Then Yin-

THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT THE HOO-KEW SPAN.

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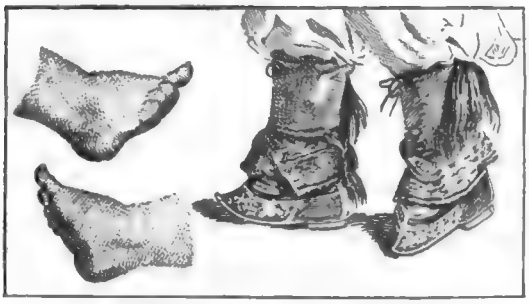
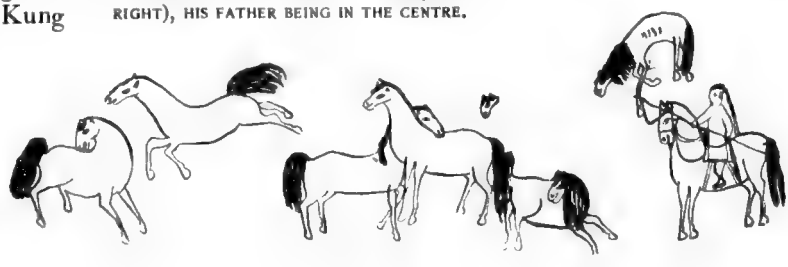


CRUSHED FEET OF A CHINESE LADY.

Ling cautiously reminded her lord that some hundreds of years ago the reigning house had been confronted with a similar dilemma (her learning stood her in good stead!), and had created a second Empress with the title, "Empress of the West." Would it not be well to follow the example set by the illustrious dead? Hsien-Fung turned the counsel over in his mind and found it good. He laid it before the famous Prince Kung, his brother. Prince Kung found it excellent, and Yin-Ling was made Empress of the West, and henceforth was known to the people of China as Tsze-hi-Toanyu-Kangi-Chaoyu, and so on, and so on; in short, as Tze-hsi, the mother of the Crown Prince.

Had Tze-hsi been an ordinary woman, this striking triumph would assuredly have turned her head and led her to make enemies in the Imperial Household. She was, however, no ordinary woman, and knew full well that her position, strong as it was, was by no means unassailable. Acting, therefore, with great circumspection, she paid, as before, flattering attention to Tze-An, and treated the lesser wives with unusual consideration, never presuming on her exalted position. She conquered all along the line; the lesser wives soon forgave her her success, and willingly treated her with the deference due to her position; and Tze-An, though doubtless jealous of her at first, soon discovered that the wisest course was to go hand in hand with this new Empress, and

THE EMPEROR KWANG-SU AS A CHILD (ON THE RIGHT), HIS FATHER BEING IN THE CENTRE.



A DRAWING BY THE GRANDSON OF THE DOWAGER EMPRESS.

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THE DOWAGER EMPRESS FORCING THE EMPEROR KWANG-SU TO ABDICATE, JANUARY 24, 1900.

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AN IMPERIAL REVIEW IN THE PALACE IN PEKIN.

in due time she passed completely under Tze-hsi's dominion, and, together with Prince Kung, Li-Hung-Chang, and others, they all became the creatures of her will—the pieces in the great game she played for undisputed supremacy of power.

The insignia of the Order of "The Double Dragon," conferred on Dr. Douthwaite — the highest honor ever bestowed on a missionary.

The various causes and events which led up to the war of 1860, between China and the allied Powers of France and England, do not fall within the scope of this article. Suffice it to say that Europe wished to open China's doors to trade, and China wished to shut all her doors in the face of Europe.

There followed all manner of squabbles, and finally England and France took the Taku forts and marched on Pekin. Now Tze-hsi's policy at this time has seldom been commented upon, and yet it was undoubtedly in favor of the "foreign devils." Not that she loved them then any more than to-day; but, wiser than her husband and his counsellors, she recognized their power, and felt that no real harm would accrue to China from making a few cautious concessions. Prince Kung shared her views; but the Prince of I and a certain Shu-Shun, two powerful favorites of the Emperor, were in opposition, and advised Hsien-Fung to treat the foreigners as all other devils should be treated.

True to his nature, Hsien-Fung, at the first approach of the foreign troops, fled with his wives to the Hunting Palace at Jehol. There, after peace had been restored, a great contest was waged for influence over the Emperor, the Prince of I and Shu-Shun on the one side and the Empresses and Prince Kung on the other. The former party, in spite of the lesson they had received, were unanimously in favor of insulting and driving out the foreigners; the latter party, though hating the foreigners with equal intensity, advo-

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ENTRANCE TO THE TOMBS OF THE MANCHU EMPERORS.

cated a temporizing and moderate policy. Despite their efforts, Tzehsi and her confederates lost ground, and all manner of calamities might have fallen on China had not Fate—which appears to be under State control in the Far East—stepped in and cut the Gordian knot. Hsien-Fung died suddenly "of a bad chill."

HORSE DRAWN BY A GRANDSON OF THE DOWAGER EMPRESS.

A few days before his death the Empresses and their allies had taken a momentous resolution, and being fully prepared, were not at all chagrined or astonished when the dying Emperor published an edict appointing the Prince of I and his party Regents during the Crown Prince's minority. This triumph of the Prince of I was short-lived; a few days after the funeral of Hsien-Fung, Pekin was thrown into a state of wild excitement by the appearance of an edict, which purported to proceed from the Emperor (who, by the way, was four years old), ordering the Prince of I and Shu-Shun to be tried for high treason, and appointing the Dowager-Empresses Regents of the Empire. Behind this palpably "faked" edict was practically the whole army, massed in large bodies in the neighborhood of the capital. Tzehsi never does things by halves, and when she sees her opportunity she strikes with ruinous force and precision. But, contrary to that which is at present believed, she is emphatically not a wantonly cruel and spiteful woman. When the Prince of I, Shu-Shun, and Ching [another confederate] had been condemned to death, she did her best to ameliorate the sentences which, true to Chinese custom, were ingeniously cruel. The Prince of I and Ching

THE PROPITIATORY SACRIFICES FOR THE DEAD BEING OFFERED AFTER THE DECEASE OF THE DOWAGER EMPRESS'S HUSBAND.

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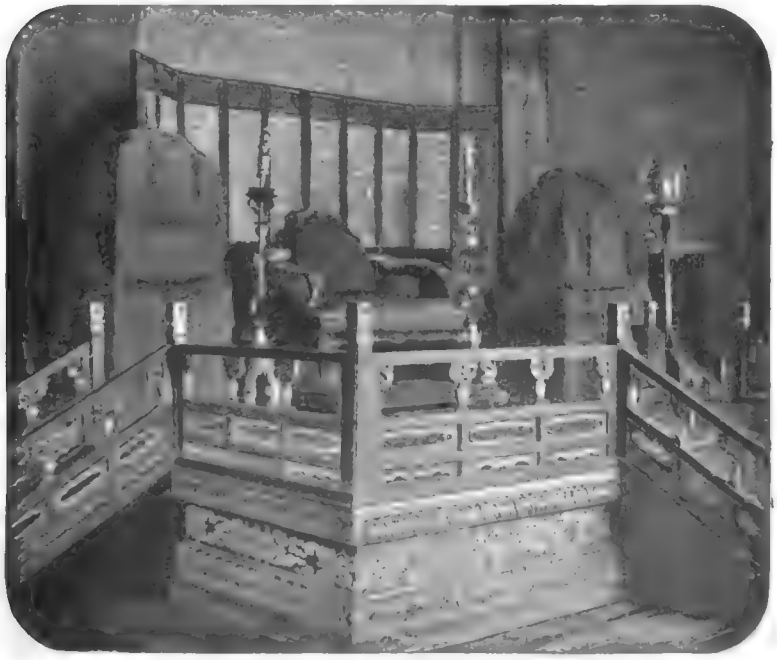
were mercifully allowed to strangle themselves in prison, and Shu-Shun, who had been sentenced to the so-called "lingering death," was decapitated.

MANDARINS AWAITING AN AUDIENCE AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKIN.

From the death of Hsien-Fung to the coming of age and marriage of Tung-Chih, things went with tolerable smoothness both inside and outside the Imperial Palace. At Tze-hsi's initiative, the Tsung-li-Ya-men, or Foreign Office, came into being, and the army and navy underwent various reforms. In her relations with the Powers, Tze-hsi was not tardy in showing that, although she was averse to reckless insult and defiance, she had no inclination whatever to allow her country to be overrun and managed by foreigners. Deplorable affairs, such as the murder of Mr. Burlingham and the massacre of the Catholic sisters in Tientsin, though not directly traceable to her, were, at all events, due to men, such as Chen Kwo-jui, who enjoyed her confidence, and whose crimes she treated with suspicious leniency. Detestable as such deeds were, we must not forget, in judging this extraordinary woman, that she was not only an Oriental with vague ideas of right and wrong, but also a burning patriot, who from childhood on had been taught, and passionately believed, that China must inevitably go under the moment the foreign devils penetrated its sanctities and got the upper hand in its affairs.



THE IMPERIAL THRONE.

In 1872 Tze-hsi's son, Tung-Chih, had reached the age when he should take to himself an Empress, and when the reins of power should pass into his hands. From among hundreds

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AN AUSTRIAN VIEW OF THE EMPRESS AND HER ATTITUDE TOWARDS EUROPE.

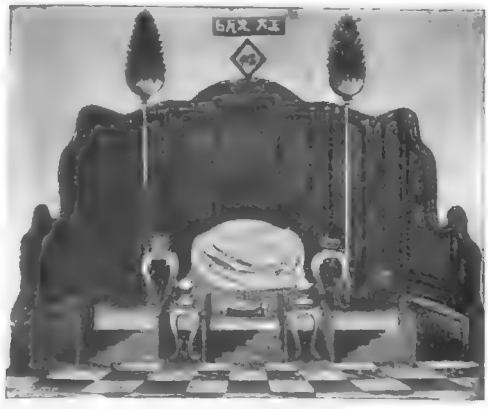
From "Der Floh," Vienna.

of Manchu maidens, Tze-hsi chose for him Ahluta, a young lady of great beauty and noble descent, and Tung-Chih's marriage was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony on the 17th of October of that year. But as Emperor, Tung-Chih turned out a decided failure. Weak, dissolute, and self-willed, he vehemently resented the interference of his mother and Prince Kung, and affairs came to a crisis when an edict appeared degrading his Imperial kinsman "for language in many respects unbecoming." Tze-hsi publicly nullified this edict and reinstated the Prince, which shows that her power was still absolute, and a period of intrigue and strife set in once more between the real and the nominal heads of the State. It closed, as it was bound to close, with the defeat of Tung-Chih, for on January the 12th, 1875, "The Son of Heaven" mounted the Dragon's back and became, as the saying goes, "a guest on high."

That Tze-hsi assisted fate in removing her son to a higher sphere of activity it would be futile to deny, though the fact of her complicity has never been proven. One thing is certain, Tung-Chih's policy endangered what she considered to be the welfare of China; and if no means save his death sufficed to arrest that policy, die he should were he twenty times her son.

But an Emperor there must be, and who was to step into Tung-Chih's shoes? Prince Kung's eldest son was the legal heir, but Tze-hsi, for sundry reasons, objected to his candidature. Her nephew, the infant son of Prince Chun, suited her purposes better, and him she caused to be taken one night from his nursery and placed on the vacant throne. Those who objected to this violation of law disappeared from human ken, and Tung-Chih's widow, Ahluta, who, as Dowager Empress, might have raised difficulties, passed suddenly away—an obituary in eulogy of her "chaste and virtuous and wise and filial" character filling the pages of the "Pekin Gazette."

Unlike Queen Bess, who, if English historians speak truly, treated those who served and saved their country with flagrant ingratitude, Tze-hsi never forgets her dutiful servants, and is full of sympathy for her soldiers in war time and for her people in hours of affliction. On one occasion when, in putting down a rebellion in the island of Hainan, the army suffered greatly in that malarious climate, she despatched post haste to the seat of war ten boxes of "Pingan Tan," or "pills of peace and tranquillity." Could sympathy be more touchingly expressed? In 1897 there was dire famine in the provinces of Honan, Shausi, and Kansu, and Tze-hsi obtained funds for the relief of the starving by rigorously cutting down the Palace expenses and drawing largely from her private purse. That Tze-hsi is not violently anti-Christian is proved by her graceful acceptance on her sixtieth birthday of a New Testament bound in silver covers. The book was printed by the Presbyterian



THRONE OF THE DOWAGER EMPRESS'S HUSBAND.

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THE EMPEROR KWANG-SU, AS A CHILD.

Mission Press at Shanghai. Though much dreaded in her household, she is most affable to those who obey her, her greatest favorite being an adopted daughter, the quaint drawings of whose little son (also a pet of Tze-hsi) are among the most valuable of the accompanying illustrations.

The aggressions of France in Tonking were the most important political events during the minority of the new Emperor, Kwang-su, and it was these, more than anything else, that filled Tze-hsi with such deadly and implacable hatred against all Europeans. Kwang-su's marriage and coming of age, the Japanese war, and the aggressions of Germany, Russia, England, and other Powers, are events too recent to need detailed recapitulation. But of the *coup d'état* of 1898, when Tze-hsi deposed and imprisoned the Emperor, a word must be said. Kwang-su, to put it plainly, is somewhat of a fool. Enamored of European civilization, he sought to do the work of centuries in a day; to change overnight the ancient customs of an almost changeless people. This foolish but well-meant labor was interrupted one fine morning by the appearance of Tze-hsi with a document in her hand, which she laid before the Emperor and bade him sign. It was practically a deed of abdication. He refused to obey her; and (as related by a witness to the scene) she handed him the pen in silence, but with an expression on her face more terrible and menacing than the fiercest threat. And with a groan he signed the deed.

The tragic history of the Empress during the last few months is too fresh in every one's mind to need recapitulation.

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MY Lord Cardinal was beside himself with passion. His face was livid; his dark eyes seemed full of uncanny yellow flames; and his long, white fingers kept tugging at his stiff gray beard, which almost seemed to bristle as I watched him.

"I will find the hound," he muttered. "I will unearth him if every house in Paris has to be torn from its foundation!"

I had earned during my thirty years of life the reputation of a brave man, quick alike with sword and tongue, but upon this occasion I fear me that I belied my reputation.

In a moment of levity, spurred by the praises of Richelieu which I had heard fall from the lips of one of those cardinalists whom I hated, I had dared to vent my feelings in a poetic satire of twenty stanzas. I had called my poem "The Red Owl"; and albeit my craft as a poet was of a sorry character, the secret detestation in which the Cardinal was held by many of those who cringed in fear about him, rendered my verses more than acceptable. Before a week was spent they were lisped by every court gallant and guffawed over by every soldier, whilst within the month there was not a scullion in the whole of Paris who did not know them by heart.

The affair grew serious. An ill-advised dog of a musician, named Rouget, set an air to them as harsh and discordant as the words themselves; nevertheless—so inexplicable a thing is public taste—that air was being yelled in every wine-shop and hummed in every ante-chamber.

The storm had burst the night before. His Eminence was playing chess with the King at the Louvre. With one of his bishops he had imperilled Louis's queen, and as he lay back in his chair to await the royal move, some pestilent croaker must perforce pass under the window, singing that infernal song

The Cardinal pricked up his ears at the sound; then turning to St. Simon, who stood at his elbow:

"What is this new air that seems so much in vogue at present?"

A dead silence followed the question, during which the twitching of St. Simon's face was fearful to look upon. Then a page, who stood by the door, was apparently taken ill. He clapped his hand to his mouth, from which there came a stifling gurgle. He staggered, caught his foot in something, and crashed against an ornamental suit of armor, dragging it with him to the ground. Not content with the noise he had made in falling, he lay on his back, emitting shriek after shriek of wild, unearthly laughter.

Nothing is so contagious as mirth. The

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suppressed merriment of the company spluttered for a moment, then exploded.

Now, whatever Richelieu may have been, he was not a fool. His piercing eye scanned each distorted face with a look of contempt, which told me that he had more than half guessed the riddle of their amusement.

It is a mystery to me how I contrived to remain in the room without betraying myself by my sober countenance. Fortunately the Cardinal's scrutiny of those about him was brief and contemptuously careless.

Without a word he calmly turned his attention once more to the chess-board, and waited for the King to move. But when the game was over, he got himself a copy of the verses in one of those mysterious and far-reaching ways at his command.

Next day I was visited by a lieutenant of Richelieu's guards, with a message from his Eminence that I was to attend him at once at the Palais Cardinal.

Albeit we were in June, a cold shiver ran through me at the summons, which I dared not disobey.

And that is how I came to find myself in the unenviable position whereof I write, face to face with the irate Cardinal, who threatened to have the author of the verses I had written, broken on the wheel.

It restored in part my courage to find that I was unsuspected, and that Richelieu had merely sent for me in the hope that what he pleased to term my astuteness would aid him in his search for the culprit. I may mention that he held a great opinion of my judgment ever since I had unmasked that plot against his life which is known as the "Conspiracy of the Pont St. Michel"; for at the time of that conspiracy I had held a lieutenancy in his guards, which I had since relinquished in order to accept a commission in the dragoons, which the King had graciously accorded me.

It was owing in a measure to that erstwhile appointment of mine in his guards that his Eminence still continued to honor me by employing my services. I had it in my heart to wish, as I stood before him now, that I had left the conspirators to carry out their work unmolested, for I knew him too well to expect mercy for the poor poet who had held him up to ridicule, and who had struck so deeply at his pride.

"Have you read the verses?" Richelieu inquired suddenly, holding up a copy of the fateful manuscript.

"I have not, your Eminence," I answered, without a blush.

"Then do so, Rouvroy," he said, "if you have the patience, which, indeed, I doubt in a man of your taste. They are abominable drivel. I can understand the popularity they have attained in the wine-shops, for I could swear that they were written by some drunken soldier, and, what is more, written when he was drunk, if one may judge by the stumbling rhythm."

My blood boiled at the sneers he thus launched upon my work, and in the heat of the moment I so forgot myself as to remark:

"I thought them smooth enough, your Eminence!"

He eyed me for a second in blank surprise.

"I understood you to say that you had not read them," he remarked coldly.

The sweat seemed to burst through every pore of my body as I realized how unhappy had been my remark.

"But I have heard them sung in the streets, Monseigneur," I hastened to explain.

"Ah, true, true," he murmured; "and you told me nothing of it, Rouvroy! That was unkind of you. We might have had this fatuous minstrel ornamenting Montfauçon, or pondering over some fanciful translation of the *De Profundis* in a dungeon of the Bastille ere now, eh?" he cried with a chuckle that made my flesh creep. "But never fear, Rouvroy, we shall have him yet—this writer of epics—and when we have him"—his tone became a snarl, and his hands tightened viciously over the manuscript he held—"we will break him on the wheel, will we not, Chevalier?"

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"Indeed, I trust so, your Eminence," I answered, with a shudder.

Thereafter he questioned me closely concerning the poem, and he seemed disappointed to find that I could throw no light upon the matter. In truth, what with his questions and his disappointment he angered me not a little and, had my position in the matter been a less delicate one, I should have asked him whether he desired to insult me by counting me among the spies he had at work. As it was, I deemed it best to preserve a smiling countenance, until, finally, he grew sick of my ignorance, and dismissed me, giving me his ring to kiss, and murmuring a valedictory "*Benedicat vos.*"

AS THE KNAVE STIRRED NOT FAST ENOUGH TO PLEASE MY MOOD, I HURLED A BOTTLE AT HIM.

Now, albeit when I left the Palais Cardinal my thoughts were gloomy enough, in the evening I found myself making merry with half a dozen roysterers at Valençon's, and turning my interview with Richelieu into a pretty story, which provoked many an uproarious burst of laughter.

And when I depicted the Cardinal's rage (without yet betraying my authorship), my uncle, the Duc de St. Simon, who was present, was the only one who took no part in the hilarity my narrative excited. On the contrary, his stern face became sterner as we grew more boisterous.

He took an early opportunity of speaking to me alone, and I then noticed that there was an ominous solemnity in his manner.

"Claude," he said, laying his hand upon my shoulder, "you were unwise to write that satire, but you must be mad to make a jest of your interview with the Cardinal. 'Tis a sorry business, nephew, and I marvel greatly that you have the heart to laugh and make merry over it when at any moment your life may pay the penalty."

"'Tis a bad philosophy, monsieur, that teaches us to brood to-day over the thought of a possible death to-morrow, and one which a soldier cannot understand."

"A plague on your philosophy, sir," he answered, with a grimace. "What philosophy was it that made a poet of you? The Cardinal's spies," he continued, "are at work in every quarter. At any instant you may stand revealed to his Eminence as the author of 'L'Hibou Rouge.' What then, my friend, eh?"

And he made a significant and discomposing gesture by drawing his fingers gently across his throat. I shuddered despite myself, noting which he cried:

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"You may indeed tremble, nephew," "but harkee! Last night, when that disastrous affair occurred at the Louvre" —and at the memory of it he could not repress a smile—"I foresaw what would ensue, and determined to send you on a journey, which you must indeed undertake if you wish to escape the gallows. A trusty messenger is required to carry certain documents and a verbal message to his Majesty, Gustave Adolphe of Sweden. I obtained leave from the king two hours ago to entrust you with this mission."

A cry of joy escaped me.

"Your Grace has saved me!" I exclaimed.

"I sincerely hope so. You will start to-morrow, as early as you choose. Come to my hotel at noon, and I will give you your orders and an escort of six troopers. You can send them back when you reach Stockholm. As for yourself, you will no doubt find sufficient interest at the Swedish court to detain you there until this affair is forgotten, or until I summon you to Paris. You understand?"

"Perfectly. How can I show my gratitude?"

He gazed at me for a moment with a twinkle in his roguish old eye.

"Hum—by writing no more poetry," he answered dryly.

When a few moments later I rejoined Valençon and the others, I was as blithe as a lark at dawn. Now, when a man is merry, he is wont to be thirsty besides; and as my joy was great so was my thirst excessive. Hence the events of that night are involved in a nebulous atmosphere which does not permit my retrospective glance to behold them over clearly.

Suffice it that after we had pledged every man and woman our memories could hit upon as deserving of a toast, and had drunk confusion to the "Red Owl," by which sobriquet my Lord Cardinal was now popularly known, I took my leave and set out afoot and with unsteady gait, to find my way home and prepare for the morrow's journey.

But the wine had drowned my wit so utterly that, as I stumbled up the Rue St. Antoine, I raised my voice and sang *à pleine gorge* the first lines of my satire:

"There's an owl from church,
That hath found a perch
On the back of the royal throne,
With a crafty head
And a robe of red,
And a dismally hooting tone."

Then, as I paused for breath, I was startled to hear a deep voice take up the thread of my song:

"All honest folk pray
That this red owl may
To the devil take flight ere long.
To hang him we hope,
With a good stout rope,
On his gibbet at Montfauçon!"

A moment later a tall and gayly dressed cavalier, in whom I recognized my friend De Merval, stood beside me and, pausing in his vociferations, greeted me with a hearty laugh.

I took him by the arm, and having grown thirsty again I dragged him to the nearest *cabaret*, and there, over a bottle of red Anjou, I let my tongue run wild. I remember that he asked me if I knew the author of the song, to which I answered that the Cardinal would give his ears to know as much as I did on that score.

I dimly recollect that as I made this foolish statement the knave who was attending to our wants bent over the table, and eyed me for a moment with great scrutiny, then asked me bluntly if I were in earnest, Naturally I grew angry that a tavern servant should dare to join in the conversation of gentlemen, and ordered him away with small waste of compliments. But as the knave stirred not fast enough to please my mood, I hurled a bottle at him, then springing up with my sword already half unsheathed, I would have made short work of him had not De Merval caught me in his arms. And as he bore me forcibly out into the street, he stilled my frantic struggles by whispering in my ear:

"Be calm, Rouvroy! 'Tis Moinier, the Cardinal's spy."

The words fell on me like icy water

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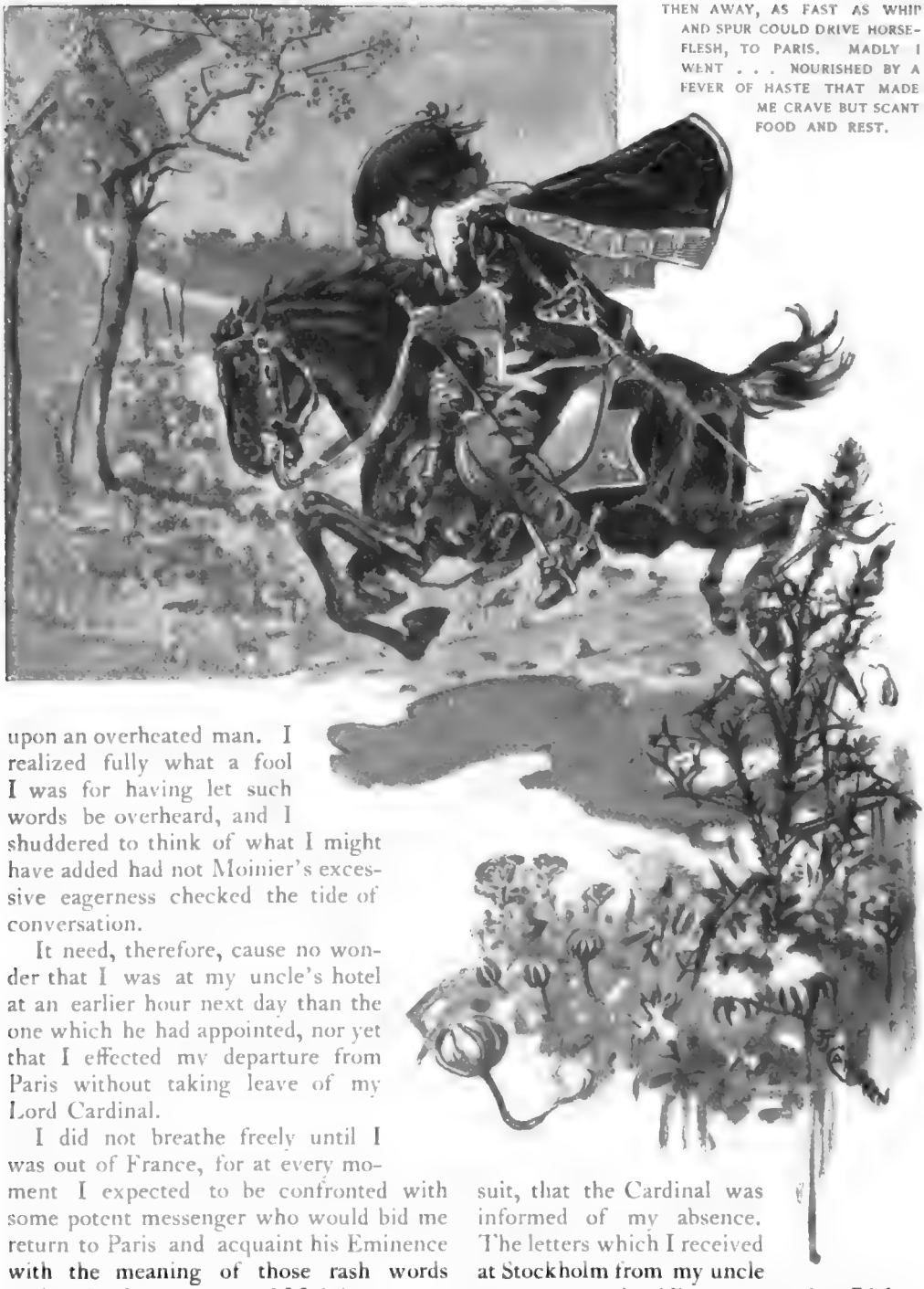

THEN AWAY, AS FAST AS WHIP AND SPUR COULD DRIVE HORSE-FLESH, TO PARIS. MADLY I WENT . . . NOURISHED BY A FEVER OF HASTE THAT MADE ME CRAVE BUT SCANT FOOD AND REST.

upon an overheated man. I realized fully what a fool I was for having let such words be overheard, and I shuddered to think of what I might have added had not Moinier's excessive eagerness checked the tide of conversation.

It need, therefore, cause no wonder that I was at my uncle's hotel at an earlier hour next day than the one which he had appointed, nor yet that I effected my departure from Paris without taking leave of my Lord Cardinal.

I did not breathe freely until I was out of France, for at every moment I expected to be confronted with some potent messenger who would bid me return to Paris and acquaint his Eminence with the meaning of those rash words spoken in the presence of Moinier.

But, as I afterwards learnt, it was not until twenty-four hours after my departure, and when I was already well beyond pursuit, that the Cardinal was informed of my absence. The letters which I received at Stockholm from my uncle gave me certain tidings concerning Richelieu's attitude, calculated to quench any eagerness of mine to return. Indeed, I might have been well content with the

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Swedish court, and minded to remain there for many a day, as St. Simon advised, had it not been for Antoinette de Rémy, whom I had left in Paris.

As it was, homesickness beset me after two months' absence, and I spent my days in endless sighings over the portrait of my lady, and vaguely wondered as to what she thought of my sudden disappearance, for in my haste I had dared indulge in no leave-taking. I had sent her a message by my faithful friend Gaston de Brissac, the one man in all Paris who, besides my uncle, knew me for the author of the "Red Owl." But to that message no answer came to me at Stockholm, and this lack of news of her I loved was proving a somewhat heavy burden to my spirit.

I know not how much longer I should have endured my banishment had not at last a letter reached me, brought by a gentleman of the court of Louis XIII., who chanced to journey to Stockholm some three months after my arrival there. The letter ran as follows:

"My Beloved Claude:—Why am I without news of you? Why do you not come to me? I am in despair. My father has promised my hand to Monsieur le Chevalier Gaston de Brissac, and I am being forced into this hateful marriage. If you have not forgotten me, as they say, if you still love me, tarry not, but come at once and rescue your distressed Antoinette."

I set the letter on the table and pinned it there with my clenched hand, while I turned the strange news over in my mind.

Brissac, of all men! Brissac, whom, for all his sins—and they were numerous indeed—I had loved and trusted as my dearest friend! Brissac knew how my affections stood. He would not serve a friend so scurvy a trick.

Moreover, it was preposterous that the Comte de Rémy should compel his daughter to wed Brissac—Brissac, the duellist, the gamester, the libertine, the pauper.

Thus much I said to M. de Presnil.

"From what I have observed, Chevalier," he answered, "I gather that Brissac is possessed of some secret concerning M. de Rémy—the Count was ever a plotter, with an unhealthy *penchant* towards Orleans."

"*Pardieu!*" I ejaculated. "I understand. Brissac has forced the Count to give him his daughter in marriage in exchange for his silence. I left Paris, M. de Presnil, because I was possessed of certain information which, my uncle informs me, my Lord Cardinal will drag from me by torture if he can seize me. But as God lives, monsieur, I shall be back in Paris before the month is out, Cardinal or no Cardinal."

I left Stockholm that very night, and a week later I set sail from Gottenburg. Another week, and I was landed at Antwerp. Then away—as fast as whip and spur could drive horseflesh—for Paris. Madly I went, through Termonde, Ninove, Valenciennes, Cambrai, and St. Quentin, nourished by a fever of haste that made me crave but scant food or rest.

And so it befell that on the nineteenth day after my departure from Stockholm, I drew rein—grimy with sweat and dust, haggard, parched, and travel-worn—at the gates of the Hotel St. Simon in the Rue St. Honoré. Yet when, in answer to my inquiries, a lackey informed me that M. le Duc was in the library with the Chevalier de Brissac, I forgot fatigue and grime, and more like one freshly out of bed than from the saddle, I bounded up the stairs, shaking a cloud of dust from my boots at every stride. I paused a moment outside the library to prepare myself for what must inevitably follow; then turning the handle without warning, I opened the door and entered.

My uncle and M. de Brissac were seated at a table, with a backgammon board between them, intent upon the game.

"What the—" began my uncle peevishly; then, recognizing his nephew beneath my mask of dust, "Claude!" he gasped, digging his hands into his portly sides, and bending upon me a look of ineffable surprise. "What new folly is this?"

"'Tis no folly, sir," I answered, with a certain dignity in my meekness. "My honor demanded my immediate return."

Brissac, upon whose face I kept my eyes, paled slightly at the words, and

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drummed absently with his fingers upon the table.

"Your honor?" echoed my uncle. "Faugh! What of your life? Have you forgotten the dangers that threaten you in Paris?"

I needed no further invitation to explain, and this I did as succinctly as I might, yet without restraining one jot of the bitter scorn and contempt for Brissac which rose to my lips. More than once he sought to interrupt my narrative, but my uncle prevailed upon him to be patient to the end.

When I had done, I drew from my pocket the letter that I had received from Antoinette, and handed it to the Duke as a proof of what I stated.

St. Simon took the paper from my hand, and in silence he perused it. Then bending upon Brissac a look of utter loathing, he bade him leave the house.

Brissac took up his hat, and pressing it well over his brows—"I shall not go," he said in a cold, formal voice, "until I have received from M. de Rouvroy satisfaction for the insult offered me."

"To demand satisfaction, and not to render it, have I travelled to Paris and jeopardized my liberty," I answered with equal loftiness. "I am at your service, M. de Brissac."

He laughed, and tossed his handsome head disdainfully. Then suddenly he appeared to ponder.

"Stay, M. de Rouvroy," he murmured.

MY LEFT HAND STRUCK THE FLOOR, AND SIMULTANEOUSLY MY SWORD SEEMED CAUGHT IN MID-AIR.

"Since you put it that way, I don't think that I shall fight."

"Not fight?" I cried.

"You ask me for satisfaction. I have none to give, and I will not risk the penalty of the edict for killing you."

From other lips this would have sounded boastful and indecent, but Brissac's swordsmanship was so far-famed a thing that even he himself could not make pretence of ignoring it; and when he spoke of dealing death, it seemed a natural enough assertion, to which past victories had given him the right.

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"Hound!" I cried, beside myself with fury; and had not St. Simon got in the way I should have flung myself upon him.

"Steady, fool!" snarled Brissac. "I have a deadlier weapon for you than my sword. Monseigneur has a score to settle with you for running away. He will thank any one for the news of your return, and —*Mortdieu!*—he will be still more grateful for such information as I might impart to him concerning the author of a famous lampoon." He laughed harshly, then, doffing his hat, he bowed mockingly before us.

"*Adieu*, messieurs!" he murmured. "There is a word that I would whisper in the shavelin's ear. 'Tis but a name. The name of the man who wrote the immortal lines of 'The Red Owl.'"

But this was more than I could brook. Mad with rage, I drew before my uncle could interfere.

"You Judas!" I cried. "Look to yourself!"

The Duke no longer sought to hinder me. He realized that I had no alternative. For a moment Brissac still hesitated.

"M. de Rouvroy," he expostulated, with an effrontery that was past crediting, "believe me this is unwise. Let us rather——"

"As God lives, sir," I broke in, "if you do not draw, I'll kill you as you stand."

He saw the madness in my eyes, and knew that I was in earnest. He shrugged his shoulders, and cast his cloak from him. The next moment there was the clash of our meeting blades.

With the first few passes I grew calmer, and for some moments I fought mechanically, a dull despair creeping into my heart with the reflection that do what I would, Antoinette must lose her only protector.

It may seem strange to some that, realizing all this, I had insisted upon fighting. But the laws of the code of honor by which I had lived left me no alternative.

Then, of a sudden, I waxed fierce and desperate. Why despond? This was not playing the man. My fury was soon apparent in my fencing. I pressed him hard, and he gave way before me. Madly I followed him, and I had all but had him with a quick thrust in low *quarte*. He parried with more vigor than caution, and for a second he was uncovered. I saw the opening, and lunged with my whole weight and to my fullest stretch, forgetting that it was a polished floor we trod, and as I lunged I slipped. My left knee struck the floor, and simultaneously my sword, from which my eyes had been diverted, seemed caught in mid-air.

I saved myself with my left hand from rolling over sideways, then, as I looked up, expecting at any moment the *coup de grace*, there was a topple and a crash, and De Brissac was down, too, upon his knees, with my sword transfixing him from breast to back.

My uncle explained to me afterwards that, upon seeing me slip, Brissac had lowered his blade, and that owing to the shadow which he cast in front of him, he only discovered when it was too late that, in spite of my mishap, my right arm maintained the rigid attitude of the lunge.

Bewildered by this sudden ending—which seemed to me like an intervention of Heaven—I withdrew my sword, and, flinging it from me, I caught Brissac in my arms as he fell forward swooning.

In the silence we raised him, and laid him gently upon a couch. Whilst I unfastened his doublet, and vainly attempted to staunch the blood with my kerchief, my uncle turned to go for assistance.

An exclamation escaped his lips as he did so, which caused me to look round. For a moment I believed my overwrought mind had conjured up a phantom to dismay me, as, framed in the doorway, I beheld a tall and well-known figure in scarlet robes. A pair of glittering eyes met my astonished gaze, and seemed to fascinate me.

'Twas my uncle's voice that broke the spell at last.

"What intrusion is this?" he queried proudly. "*Mort de ma vie*, Monseigneur, is not a man's house his own?"

"You are somewhat *brusque* and hasty in your speeches, Duke," said Richelieu, for, by the Mass, 'twas he! "News was

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brought me half an hour ago of the arrival in Paris of my honored friend, M. le Chevalier de Rouvroy. His sudden return causes me as great joy as did his abrupt departure give me pain, and"—his voice was now cold and harsh—"I hastened hither to welcome him."

His restless eye, which had been travelling from St. Simon to me, and ever and anon to the figure on the couch, was now bent full upon me.

"It is regrettable that I did not arrive a moment earlier, so that this tragedy might have been averted." Then, suddenly recognizing the face of him who lay upon the couch: "What!" he exclaimed in astonishment, "De Brissac fallen at last! *Ma vie*, M. de Rouvroy, you have wasted no time since your return."

Suddenly Brissac stirred and clutched my arm with his hand, striving to raise himself.

"Ah," he muttered in a faint voice, "Monseigneur has come to *me*. I may die content."

I turned to him once more, and for the first time gave serious attention to his wound. At a glance I saw that he was dying.

"Aye," he said with a bitter smile, "Brissac has fought his last fight. *Diable!* but I deserved a better end than to be spitted by accident. But wait, I have not done yet." Then raising his voice slightly and at great cost, "Monseigneur," he called, turning his eyes towards Richelieu, "will you deign to approach? There is something that I would say to you concerning 'The Red Owl.'"

The Cardinal started eagerly at the words, then moved to the side of the dying man.

St. Simon shot a sharp, eloquent glance at me as I stood there, mute and despairing, to hear my death sentence. Then Brissac's low voice broke the silence.

"I was to have married Mademoiselle de Rémy," he began. "My friend, Claude de Rouvroy, learnt this at Stockholm. He loved the lady, and she loved him. He hastened to Paris to expostulate with me, arriving to-night and meeting me here. I would not listen to his pleading, and so he swore that since I had thus betrayed his friendship and his trust, he would no longer shield me at his own cost and at the peril of his life."

My uncle started violently forward, but fortunately the Cardinal's back was towards him, and Richelieu noted not the movement.

"He was about to visit your Eminence," Brissac pursued, his voice growing weaker and his breath coming in quick, short gasps, "to tell you something which he alone could tell. He wished to give you the name of the author of 'The Red Owl.' I barred his way, sword in hand. He defended himself, and retribution has overtaken me."

"Who wrote the poem?" the Cardinal inquired.

"I did," replied Brissac, in clear, distinct tones; then his head sank back, and again he swooned.

I stood like one turned to stone. Slowly I realized how much Brissac's falsehood meant to me. I was no longer a fugitive from the Cardinal's vengeance. I might go about freely and fearlessly, as I had done before I wrote those accursed lines, and I might marry Antoinette upon the morrow if I chose. If ever a lie stood to a man's credit in the Book of Judgment, surely 'twas that magnanimous lie of the dying duellist.

When the Cardinal was gone, and I had no longer a part to act, I flung myself upon my knees beside the couch, and took De Brissac's hand in mine.

"Forgive me, Gaston," I cried.

"Claude, dear friend," he murmured, "do you forgive me my treason towards you?"

He raised himself by a last supreme effort.

"Farewell, Claude! Farewell, Duke!" he said. Then, as he sank back again—"*Ma vie*," he cried, with something between a laugh and a sob in his voice, "I may have lived a blackguard, but I die a gentleman!"

And thus he passed.

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# A Future Rival of Monte Carlo

By
E. M. Lynch.

*Illustrated from photographs by Borri and Figlio.*

I TRUST that most people will agree with me in thinking that one Casino like that of Monte Carlo is amply sufficient for this small planet, and will hear with regret that in all likelihood another is to be opened to the public some time during the next year. The future rival of Monte Carlo—and a very redoubtable rival it is likely to prove—is the late Empress of Austria's palace at Corfu, which has lately been bought by an Austrian syndicate from the Imperial family.

THE BEAUTIFUL STATUE OF "THE YOUNG SAILOR."

It was shortly after the tragic death of her eldest son, the Crown Prince Rudolf, that the Empress of Austria went to Corfu to recruit her health after the shock that dreadful event had given. It is said that often during the months which followed the Prince's suicide, she used to carry about a doll, fondling it and calling it the Crown Prince. In this precarious state of mind she was sent to Corfu, and while staying at the Hotel de Saint George, on the Esplanade, the idea of building a palace on a certain beautiful spot close to the town occurred to her. The idea was soon put into execution, and the Achilleon, as the palace is called, began to take shape with marvellous rapidity.

The Empress, while the Achilleon was still in the course of construction, was very fond of making trips to various elevations along the coast, from which she could view her future residence. The Fortezza Vecchia, a lighthouse in the vicinity of Corfu, was one of her favorite haunts. She delighted in climbing up the long ladder which led to the lantern-room, and going out into the balcony surrounding it. When I was in Corfu lately, I crept up this same ladder, and having reached the lantern-room complained a little of the steepness of the journey. The quaint old keeper of the lighthouse said: "It was good enough for the Empress of Austria; she was always here; she loved the view and the fine air." What he did not tell me was that one day, soon after her arrival in Corfu, the old man was pointing out to her the various residences. "There is Mon Repos, lady," he explained; "it is the

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THE TERRACE OF THE ACHILLEON IS PERHAPS THE MOST SPLENDID WORK OF ANY MODERN ARTIST.

king's country house; and that is the road to Cannone," and so forth.

"And to whom does that white house belong?" asked the Empress, pointing to the Achilleon, then only in its genesis.

"Ah, to some foreigner," he answered. "I don't well remember the name, but they say she is a mad woman."

Later, when the Achilleon had reached completion and had become practically the Empress's home, her neighbors, Greek peasants and fishermen mostly, thought very differently of her. The Empress was the least conventional of women, and, as a sovereign, little short of eccentric. Not only did she go among these peasants and fisher folk as though they were her equals, but she truly made friends with them. This at first astonished the simple folk, and there was a good deal of embarrassment on their side, at least, before they became accustomed to the Empress and her ways and manners. On one occasion she is said to have stopped during one of her long walks to watch a rosy peasant girl plying the distaff, which, quaintly enough, is still in use in Corfu and some parts of Greece. Feeling interested, she entered the cabin where the girl was at work, and, drawing up a wooden stool, seated herself. The peasant girl, terribly bewildered and embarrassed, refused to sit down in the Empress's presence, and found it impossible to continue her work. "What nonsense!" replied the Empress to the other's faltered protest. "Why should I not visit you? Why should you not sit down? Why should you be afraid? After all, are we not both women? And you in a sense are the superior, for your hands can do that of which mine are incapable."

As to the Achilleon itself, how is one to describe it? The coast on which it stands is perhaps the most beautiful and romantic in Europe. The sea, which it overlooks, is certainly the loveliest. The

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THE MONUMENT TO THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH.

palace is built entirely of the purest white marble—marble such as those who have not been in Greece and Italy cannot conceive. In the south of Europe marble never loses its blinding whiteness, and at sea the Achilleon can be plainly seen for many miles; whereas, from the same distance, a building of similar size, say of red sandstone, would not be discernible at all. The grounds surrounding the palace are worthy of the building, and are now being extended and elaborated, so as to rival the beautiful grounds surrounding the Casino at Monte Carlo.

In an accompanying photograph we give a view of the corner of one of the rooms, and very gorgeous and very beautiful it is, with its costly ceiling painting and beautiful illuminations. Observe the latter, those small cupids on either side of the door on the left; they are blowing bubbles, each bubble being a separate lamp.

The many statues which the Empress commissioned famous sculptors to carve, and which have been purchased from various collections in all parts of Europe, form one of the chief attractions of the Achilleon. To take the most noteworthy, the monument erected in memory of her son was designed

THE MAGNIFICENT HEINE TEMPLE.

THE NORTH FRONT OF THE ACHILLEON, SHOWING THE STATUE OF ACHILLES.

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by a famous Italian sculptor, and the idea for its figure of Death is said to have been suggested by the Empress herself. Indeed, it was a strange and novel thought which made Death appear as a handsome and beautiful youth; an idea which strikes one as all the stranger when we recollect the tempting to draw it from his heel, and all his sinews are tense with effort, his toes bent back as in agony.

There is another classic statue close to a wonderful grotto near the sea. This represents a gladiator, in a crouching posture, who has been worsted and is striving to

THE DINING ROOM. THE SOAP-BUBBLES BY THE CUPIDS IN THE WALLS AND THE EGGS IN THE NESTS OF THE DECORATIONS ARE ELECTRIC LAMPS.

Empress's melancholy state of mind at the time the design of the monument was under consideration. The portrait bust of the Crown Prince is said to be photographic in its resemblance.

Equally beautiful, though scarcely so original in conception, is the statue of Achilles. The Greek hero has just been struck down by the fatal arrow; he is at- shield himself with his broken glaive from an impending blow. The Heine monument is the work of a German sculptor; and stands on the verge of the sea—indeed, the steps which are shown in the photograph lead directly to the shore. Charming also is the statue of a French sailor boy. It was a great favorite with the Empress.

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By Edward Noble.

"You are wrong, Murray; the theory is as old as the hills."

"As a theory only," I suggested.

"And the case they allude to happened years ago, if I may rely on my count of time."

"Carragh," said I, "it is evident you know the story—what is it?"

Captain Patrick Carragh, R.N.R., Harbor Master of Seagate, and late of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, turned to face me, and there was a twinkle of merriment in his eyes.

"I do," he said. "I was in command."

My friend and I were walking the Seagate Pier, yarning, as was our custom before lunch, over the morning's news. I carried in my hand the paper which had brought on the discussion. It related to the wreck of a liner that had steamed into an uncomfortable bed on the Cornish coast. The vessel had been well found, perfectly manned, and navigated by an officer of long and varied experience. The weather had been clear, there was no special cause for the disaster, and the result showed, as usual, that the penny-a-liners had been stoking up from previous records to the mystification of the public.

One of the suggestions they had thrown out was that the Cornish Rocks were magnetic; therefore the compasses had been deflected and the ship drawn out of her course. The case of the "Southern Cross" was quoted in evidence of such a possibility. However, my friend was by my side, and his voice suggested laughter. I turned to him without preface.

"Cut ahead," I said. "The thing is taken from the 'Shipping Gazette'; it must, therefore, have a substratum of truth."

"You make me smile," he replied. "A man of your experience ought to know that sometimes a reason *has* to be found—do you follow me?"

"I'm not made of india-rubber," I returned; "go on."

"The case of the 'Southern Cross,' which you say they quote, happens to be one of mine. I have seen one or two funny things in my time, but the 'Southern Cross' broke the record.

"See here; it was after I had been some twelve years in command, and was hardly what you might term a novice. I came home in the 'Rajapootana,' and being a bachelor, with no home outside a London hotel, the company thought they couldn't do better than pass me over to

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the 'Southern Cross,' whose commander was down with 'flu.'

"It was winter; and winter in London, to a homeless bachelor, is not a soul-raising pastime, so I clinched with the offer, sent my kit over to the new ship, and came down with the marine superintendent to join.

"The vessel was lying in the Albert Docks, looking as trim and taut as a man-o'-war. We went on board. An hour later the passengers arrived by special train, and we took them in.

"I had been with Captain Harrison, the superintendent, you remember, and knew of nothing unusual until my chief officer came in to report progress.

"'The ladies are aboard, sir,' he said, 'and the signal is flying for us at the dock gates.'

"'The ladies,' said I, looking up. 'What ladies?'

"'The passengers, Captain Carragh.'

"'Quite right,' Harrison interjected, springing from his chair. 'Er—the fact is, I forgot to mention it before, but the ship has rather an odd lot of women this trip. In fact, I believe they are all women. Some female suffrage patients on a voyage to extend their horizon and to pursue the problem of the descent of man. To say the truth, Carragh, they've chartered the ship for six months, and you will have to do as they require.' He shook me effusively by the hand. 'May the Lord have mercy on your soul, my friend,' he added, 'though, on the whole, I shouldn't wonder if you have some fun.'

"I gazed at him sadly. 'My dear boy,' I said, 'do you expect to see me home again?'

"'I think,' he replied, 'the government would vote you a statue in the House if you could jettison the lot. There are fifty of them, man-haters to the last hairpin, and Lady Barraclough is in charge.'

"'And she is the President of the Anti-Smoke League,' said I.

"'Not only that, but of every anti there is going,' he replied. 'You will have to convert her, Captain. It's a thing you can do if I may judge from your record. You understand the compliment—we couldn't put any bashful man in charge of such a basinful—and as for officers, why we've given you the cream of the service.'

"He chuckled himself out of my room, and left me to interview the chief.

"When I came on deck, I mounted the bridge and ran my eye over the crowd. One can easily do it, as you know, from the bridge level. They were not so terrible to look at. The majority were young and had a 'goey' air about them; but there was a very decided leavening of bluestockings. Ladies in mannish hats, collars, and vests, dapper little coats, binoculars slung over their shoulders as though they were going to the Derby—you know the sort, so I won't expatiate.

"Well, we got clear of the Thames, and the binoculars saw good service, until we began to dance in the swell that rolled down as we opened the Foreland. Then one after another lost interest in outside affairs, and by nightfall the promenade was only troubled by a few, and they lay in deck chairs in a soft kind of stupor.

"Take it all round, we had a very quiet time as far as Gibraltar. After that the fun commenced.

"One afternoon—we had just come out of Algiers—Lady Barraclough arrived on the bridge. She looked me up and down with a kind of supercilious air, and said:

"'Miss Ramsden wishes to exercise her knowledge of navigation, and desires me to say that she will take charge of the ship at four o'clock. After that hour, Captain, we shall be glad if you will consider yourself and your officers as passengers.'

"I stared. Lady Barraclough stared also. The third officer, who was standing near the binnacle, retired to the wing of the bridge, making a queer kind of noise in his throat.

"'I beg your pardon,' said I, 'I scarcely comprehend.'

"She repeated her remarks and I shook my head.

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"'You must know,' said I, 'that I can't accede to that.'

"'You have no option, sir,' she replied; 'our charter-party provides for all contingencies. That is one of the clauses.'

"'If you can prove your case, my lady,' said I, 'I have nothing more to say.'

"Of course she was able to prove it, as she could have proved anything from the iniquity of marriage to a theory of the 'Law of Storms.' She drew a parchment from the case, and pointed out the clause.

"'You see,' she remarked, 'it is written there in black and white.'

"It was the truth, Murray. My fingers were tied by that forsaken charter-party. The company had engaged to permit these females to navigate the ship to such ports as they desired, with only one proviso—that I, the captain, you comprehend, should act as pilot. I turned to my lady, handing back the paper.

"'It is as you say,' I remarked; 'I can only obey instructions. But I may as well tell you, that if I had known the conditions I would have seen the company farther before I agreed to sail the 'Southern Cross.' May I ask, madam, who is to take charge?'

"Miss Ramsden will be in command. She has eight officers with her, each of them a competent navigator, but, owing to the idiotic action of the Board of Trade, without certificates. We intend to prove to them what women can do. It will be an object lesson to the world.'

"'Of that,' said I, 'there can be no manner of doubt.'

She marched down the ladder at this, and at four o'clock up came Captain Ramsden and two other ladies—Miss Cole, the new chief officer, and Miss Granger, third. They were dressed in yachting rig, and had enough gold lace and buttons about them to fix the rank of all the officers in the Flying Squadron. I walked

I RAN MY EYE OVER THE CROWD. THE MAJORITY WERE YOUNG AND HAD A "GOEY" AIR ABOUT THEM, BUT THERE WAS A DECIDED LEAVENING OF BLUE-STOCKINGS.

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up to her and lifted my cap. The new captain raised her gloved hand and saluted me in reply.

"'I understand,' said I, 'that you are prepared to relieve the deck.'

"She looked puzzled. 'I don't know that the deck requires relief,' she said; 'it looks quite strong. But I am prepared to take over the command.'

"'It comes to the same thing,' said I. 'You will, I presume, dispense with the services of the crew also; the engineers and stokers especially seem to require a rest. If you will muster your hands I will arrange to give you full control. But if I may suggest so delicate a matter, I should be more comfortable if the ladies who are to act as firemen and greasers adopt a rig more in conformity with their duties—petticoats, you see, are apt to——'

"She waved her hand, flushing with anger.

"'Captain Carragh,' she cried, 'I don't propose to allow any of my friends to do what is obviously menial work. My desire is simply to give the Board of Trade a lesson, and to show them that even in such a matter as navigation, brain for brain, women are as competent as men. The crew will act as they have acted hitherto.'

"'In that case,' said I, 'it will be necessary for me to hand them over to your command. Pardon me, I will have them mustered and do the thing in style. The occasion demands it.'

"She made no objection, so when the crew assembled, I made them a short speech and formally passed them over to Captain Ramsden. There was, as you will guess, some amusement; but I had trained my men to do what they were told and to ask no questions; still, I thought it well, after they had been dismissed, to send the chief officer along to explain that I had no intention of allowing any monkey tricks.

"Nor was I prepared to allow these cranks to run the show lone-handed. I sent for my officers and explained my plans. The four mates were to take the place of quartermasters, two of whom happened to be close shaven. The second and chief agreed to sacrifice their beards; the third and fourth stood as they were, and we trusted to the adoption of shades and the different rig to keep the matter from the new commanders.

"They say that women lack a sense of humor. I am sure they lack observation, or they would have noticed the change, especially as I thought it necessary to keep the old quartermasters under my eye in the smoke-room. I dressed these men in the uniforms of my officers, and they did their best to adapt themselves to circumstances, even to the length of an eyeglass which the fourth officer, who was a bit of a swell, always wore when off duty.

"My aunt! you should have seen the frills those maids put on. I had no notion that navigation was so important, or that navigators were so interesting. Our new officers saluted, walked the bridge with telescopes tucked under their wings, gazed into the compass, knit their brows, and waved orders to the helmsman, as to the manner born. But this was sheer child play compared with the attention they gave to the sun, moon, and stars. Toby Slade, our original fourth officer, came from the bridge one afternoon as near hysterics as I have ever seen a man; he said that the officers had taken forty-seven sets of sights. It was more than he could stand.

"But to get along. We visited Tunis, Malta, Naples, Palermo, and half a dozen other ports safely enough. I did the navigation going in and out of harbor, and engaged pilots when necessity arose. Of course my officers at the wheel kept us clear of passing shipping. Directly a light was sighted they arranged to leave it at a comfortable distance, and the ladies were so busy preening their wings and consulting which star they should shoot next, that they neglected the compass in a fashion that would have scandalized Lloyd's and sent the premiums sky-high. Indeed, our captain gave it as her opinion that she considered the danger attributed to passing vessels had been greatly over-rated. I smiled; I wasn't giving any advice then.

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I was waiting for cloudy weather and the tail end of a gale of wind.

"These came shortly after we left Messina and headed across the wide stretch of sea between the island and Candia. Captain Ramsden had a notion of circumnavigating Candia, passing on the south round by the Kupho Nisi and Cape Sidero to Khamia, where we were to anchor while the ladies went ashore to study the Cretan question, which was at that time just beginning to be talked about.

"Well, there was nothing to hinder them. I couldn't have interfered if they had proposed a trip to the Sea of Aral; but I shut my teeth, for the wind was coming up wet as a fog, and there was every appearance of a snorter from the south-west.

"YOU SEE," SHE REMARKED, "IT IS WRITTEN THERE IN BLACK AND WHITE."

"We were well clear of the land and going on a bee line for Gavdo light, when the night closed in with thin rain and more than a capful of wind. It blew in vicious gusts by midnight, and the ladies were, I knew, about as comfortable as a colony of hens afloat in a tub. So was I for that matter. Still, I intended they should be the first to cry for help, and I was not sorry I let things go, for the morning saw us still afloat, plunging along in as lively a sea as the Mediterranean can kick up in that region.

"I calculated that at our speed we should strike Gavdo light about midnight, and without doubt would have done so. But our navigators were all astray now; the sun and stars had decided they were being ill-used, and had made a trifling error of some twenty miles in their dead reckoning.

"I was in the smoke-room, and had been sitting up and walking the after-deck pretty evenly. I intended to keep about, but towards eleven o'clock I fancy I must have dozed, for the next thing I remember was Miss Collins, the fifth officer, leaning over me, doing her utmost to steady her voice. She was the best of the crowd, and I felt pleased that she had called me, and I got up slowly, asking what was wrong.

"'There is nothing absolutely wrong, Captain Carragh,' she replied, 'but I do wish you would come on deck.'

"'Has Captain Ramsden sent for me?' I questioned.

"'No, and—I—I—don't think she would like me—to—to——'

"'There,' said I, 'don't you fret. I am glad you woke me, but I shall not come up until I am required.'

"'But, indeed, I think you should come,' she returned. 'The wind is awfully high—and—and I don't think we know quite what to do.'

"'The wind won't hurt,' said I.

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'Depend upon it I will come if I consider there is danger. Besides, I can rely on my quartermaster.'

"'That's just it,' she replied; 'the quartermaster has been put in irons for refusing to obey orders.'

"'You don't say so! 'Pon my word I like your captain's grit.'

"'Yes, and he says we are "going ashore," and begged me to call you. Do come, Captain Carragh.'

"'I would do more than that,' said I, 'to hear that pretty quaver in your voice. Come, why did they put him in irons?'

"'He refused to steer a course Miss Ramsden set.'

"'I will be there at once,' I replied. 'No, I won't mention your name in it. Cut along to the bridge if you are on watch.'

"She squeezed my hand and hurried away, doing her level best to hide the tears I knew were in her eyes.

"I arrived on the bridge a few minutes later. All hands were up—eight officers and Captain Ramsden, with Lady Barraclough by her side. Two were watching the compass. The rest were staring through their binoculars at different points of the horizon. The night was as black as my hat, and the wind seemed to have veered to the north'ard of west.

"I came to the binnacle and opened the slide. The ship was heading due north, instead of south, 75° east.

"'Hah!' said I, 'that accounts for the wind and the irons.'

"I crossed the bridge and came to the commander.

"'How long have you been steering this course, madam?' I questioned.

"She turned on her heel with a gesture of impatience.

"'Captain Carragh,' she cried, 'will you kindly leave the navigation to me?'

"'I will,' said I, 'if you promise not to endanger the lives of all hands with your experiments. Pardon me, this is fool talk. Hard a-starboard. Let her come round to south.'

"Now you know a man can't fight a woman. I knew it also, and might just as well have saved my breath; for I had no sooner given the order than the ladies crowded round me and trod on my toes and hustled me with extraordinary deliberation. I backed out of the way. They had one of their Amazons at the wheel, who would take no notice of my order. They said it was so like a man to push ladies, and rely on brute strength and intimidation. They were surprised at the conduct of one whom they had hitherto supposed to be a gentleman.

"In short, I was made to see my failings with dazzling clearness, and was jolly glad to get down into the quiet to straighten out my wits. This didn't take a week, for I had grasped enough in those few minutes to understand that we were going full tilt for the shore, and that the lady navigators were a high-class brand of active lunatics.

"I gathered my officers out of their nests and sent one to call the crew; another I despatched with a message to the engineer; and with Lovatt, the second, I got away aft and prepared to throw the after steering-gear into work, and to disconnect the bridge engine.

"I had no mind to create a scandal, you understand. I just wanted to show my ladies I was not the man whose corns could be trodden on with impunity. But, as you are aware, all these things couldn't be done in a moment; indeed, it may have been fifteen minutes from the time I left the bridge before we were ready. Then I sent a verbal message to the engineer to go dead slow and to heed no bridge telegraphs. Almost at the same instant a loud cry came across the decks from the lookout:

"'Breakers close ahead!'

"I dropped my tools and hurried away to the bridge.

"'Go full speed astern!' I shouted. 'Hard over with the helm—hard a-starboard!'

"No good, Murray. The engineer refused to heed the telegraph. He continued slow ahead in obedience to my orders, and before I recollected the hash I had made in my hurry, we were climbing

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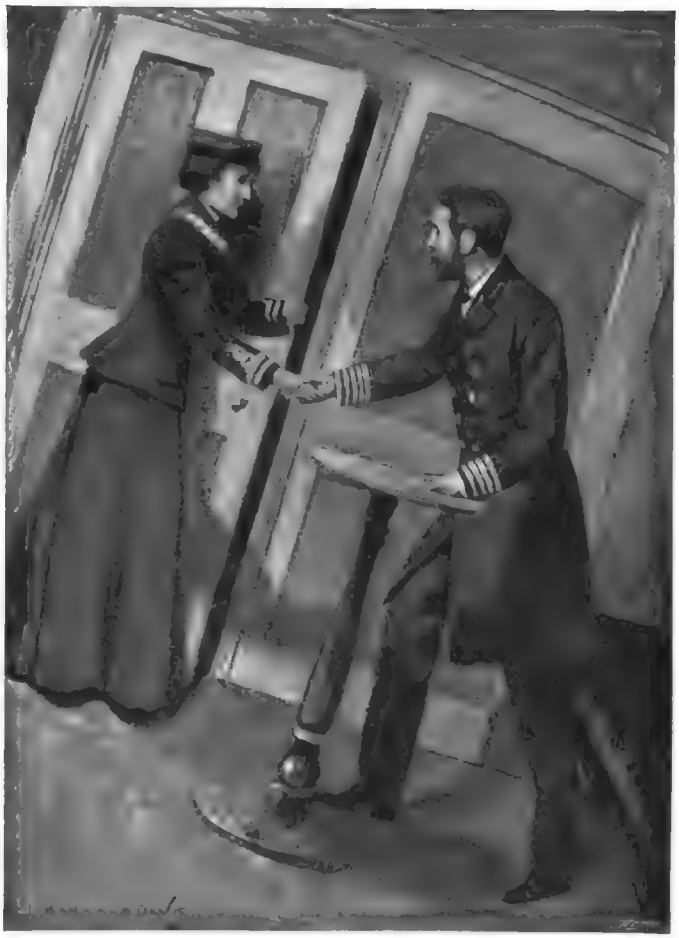
comfortably up the sandy beach under Candia.

"You may reckon there was a pretty considerable flutter among the petticoats on that bridge. Some were crying, others giving orders which no one obeyed. Some one said it was a new island; another that we had struck a whale; another that the compasses were all wrong; but Captain Ramsden kept her head.

"'Hands, go to boat stations!' she cried. 'Some of you serve out the life belts.'

"I had taken our bearings by this time, and saw that we were lying quietly. There was no immediate hurry, so I turned on my heel and went to the smoke-room. My officers joined me, together with the chief engineer. We got out our pipes and began to smoke. Presently a quick footstep sounded and the door was flung open. Miss Cole, the first officer, stood in the gap.



SHE SQUEEZED MY HAND AND HURRIED AWAY.

"'Captain Carragh,' she cried, 'Miss Ramsden has sent me to request your presence on the bridge.'

"'Nay,' said I, 'I am no use there. Let Captain Ramsden come to me if she wants advice.'

"'I don't think that is a gentlemanly remark,' said Miss Cole.

"'From the pilot to the captain, who has deliberately got into a mess,' said I, 'it is just permissible.'

"She shut the door with a slam and left us to our tobacco. I had determined to read a lesson to Miss Ramsden, and, although I was far from easy, I knew there was no danger of our going to pieces in a minute. Indeed, the ship seemed to have found the softest spot on the whole of Candia Beach.

"Twice during the night further messages were sent, but I refused to budge, and when daybreak arrived I went on deck and took bearings. We were lying on a sloping beach. The wind had veered, and we were nearly becalmed under the lee of the high mountains. The ship had, perhaps, five degrees of list; there was no danger. I felt I had the game in my own hands.

"Towards noon a fishing-boat bore down upon us and offered to stand by. I called the skipper on deck and gave him a message for my directors. He saw the women on the bridge as he went ashore, and doubtless put me down for an amiable maniac. Again, on his departure, Captain Ramsden sent for me, and her mes-

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sage was backed by an emphatic order from Lady Barraclough. I took no heed. Then during the afternoon the navigators sent a boat's crew away with a kedge. They might with equal effect have harnessed a mosquito to the ship's stern. They hove on it until it parted, but the ship never moved. Then, as it was growing dusk, Miss Ramsden and Lady Barraclough came aft to interview me. I received them politely and offered them chairs in the smoke-room, but they preferred to remain outside. They ordered me to come on deck and get the ship off. I shrugged my shoulders, and said it was no part of a pilot's duty to undo the mischief done by reckless navigation, and suggested they should signal for a high-powered tug. The ladies now looked really frightened.

"'If the tide leaves us,' said Miss Ramsden, 'we may turn over. I think you should render us some assistance.'

"'Pardon,' said I. 'The tide doesn't ebb in the Mediterranean. The ship will take no further harm.'

"'But we want to go on,' they cried together. 'It is monstrous to expect us to remain here.'

"'Pardon again,' said I. 'You put her here. I should have supposed you would be competent to get her off.'

"They argued, ordered, then fell back on entreaty. It was unmanly, ungentlemanly, cruel, they said; they did not expect I could act in such a manner. I said I was weary of life, and only desired that they should leave me alone to die. By their action I was a ruined man. I dared not face the Board of Trade inquiry which would be held when we returned.

"They said there need be no inquiry. I insisted that it could not be avoided, and they retired to think matters over. An hour later they came to me.

"They said they were very sorry for what had occurred. They recognized that they had made an error of judgment, and begged me to let bygones be bygones. I rose from my chair, and said there was no occasion for further apology. I was prepared to resume command and to get the ship off, provided we had no repetition of what had passed. That ended the matter. I took charge, reinstated my officers, put the quartermaster back into the wheelhouse, and set to work.

"But the thing was not easy. I took soundings all round the vessel, and the following day hoisted signals to a passing collier, bargained for a price, and when he was ready, came astern on my engines. After about two hours' steaming we succeeded in floating the vessel into deep water.

"Three days later I put her in dock in Alexandria. That bit of navigation cost the Women's Rights Association just over $25,000, and a paragraph appeared in the papers explaining the matter on scientific grounds.

"It announced in so many words that the compasses of the 'Southern Cross' had been so greatly deflected by the ironstone rocks of Candia and Greece that she had gone ashore. It further warned mariners of this peril, which hitherto had only been guessed at, but which now, owing to the able explanation of Captain Carragh, had been placed beyond dispute.

"Before we came out of dock I asked Miss Collins to the bridge.

"'I am interested on one point,' I said. 'Will you tell me what induced Miss Ramsden to steer the ship away to the north as she did?'

"She looked half ashamed.

"'I fear you only wish to laugh at us,' she replied.

"'Not at all,' I replied, 'for my opinion of your navigation before the accident could not be higher.'

"She thanked me.

"'Well, you see, we knew you were on the lookout for bad workmanship, and Miss Ramsden was certain of her distance. She said we must be within range of the light on Gavdo—that she would sight it just to show you she could navigate as well without observations as with them. So we steered to find it.'

"And if you doubt this yarn, Murray, just go in and ask my wife. She knows all about it. In point of fact, before she married me her name was Elsie Collins."

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MACHINE IN POSITION IN HOSPITAL.

# HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE BAKED ALIVE?

By W. B. Northrop.

*Illustrated from photographs especially taken for* Everybody's Magazine.

At first glance, this seems an absurdly idle question to ask. Still, there are thousands of persons who can answer it in all seriousness. For, be it known, baking alive is one of the latest additions to medical science.

At a well-known hospital in New York City a full baking plant is in operation, and it bakes its quota of human loaves each day. The first person baked there was a physician, and he had the rheumatism baked out of him. He is now an enthusiastic devotee of baking, and prescribes baking to many of his patients. Other physicians are following suit; so that, before long, we may expect to see prescriptions which read something like this:

℞

Bake one hour, from 10 to 11 A. M.
Degree of heat, 300° F.
Keep head cool;
Ice water *ad lib.*

There are bakeries for human beings in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago; and the prospects are that a gigantic bakery will soon astonish London.

The inventor of the idea, like most other inventors, owes his discovery to accident. A friend of his had rheumatism. He placed his arm in a metal cylinder and subjected it to heat every day for some weeks, and the rheumatism disappeared under the treatment.

This set the inventor thinking. The great problem to be solved was how to make an oven which would bake human flesh without burning or cooking it. Ordinary hot air would burn or cook the flesh. By drying and ventilating the air, this danger is avoided.

After years of experiments a human bake oven was perfected and, like a common-sense man of business, the inventor took out patents on his invention. Not being a doctor, he was in no way bound to give away his invention for the sake of science.

The experiments resulted in the manufacture of a series of metal cylinders, with a central hollow space as receptacle for the

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body of the person to be baked. The outer cylinder is of sheet copper, nickel-plated, and lined with asbestos to prevent external radiation of heat. Next comes a steel cylinder, separated from the first by a few inches, and its interior is connected with the outer air by three smokestacks which carry off the products of combustion. Then comes a brass cylinder, perforated with hundreds of tiny holes through which the hot air, thrown off by the heated steel cylinder, is carried into the central com-

MACHINE FOR BAKING THE ARM.

partment, in which the patient's body is placed. This central compartment is connected with the outer air by means of tubes which carry off the heated air, and render possible the drying of the atmosphere in the body space. A second system of tubes runs down below the machine and sucks up fresh air to replace the moist and heated air in the central compartment, thus maintaining a constant circulation.

The edges of the steel cylinders are bordered with wood, backed with asbestos. The body space (central compartment) is lined with ribs of cork which run lengthwise along the brass cylinder and prevent the patient from being burned by the sides of the heated cylinder.

Patients are placed upon a sheet of fibrous magnesia. This substance, the inventor found, could be heated to a high degree before it would burn animal substances resting upon it. A man placed upon fibrous magnesia may stand 400° F. of heat without serious inconvenience. Under the oven is a system of Bunsen burners. A patient is practically baked in a gas stove. Electricity and other forms of heat have been tried, but they do not answer the purpose of the treatment so well as gas. More than 3,000 persons have already been baked in the various institutions where ovens have been introduced, and the reports as to results have been very favorable.

Baking as a therapeutic agent is not a "twentieth-century" idea. The Pompeians employed hot dry air for lithæmia nineteen hundred years ago. In Rome, the baths of Caracalla had their "caldarium," or heat chamber, and it is said that 25,000 persons daily availed themselves of the advantages of hot air. Hot baths, wherever they have been available, have always been patronized by the invalid, and hot air was used by the Arabians centuries before the Christian era. As is well known, the Arabic doctors were really the founders of medical science. They employed hot air regularly as a therapeutic agent, and there are records of remarkable results from this form of treatment. In Paris, recently, several prominent members of the medical profession have successfully used hot air in their practice, applying from 200° to 250° F. in acute and chronic rheumatism, and the application of heat instead of medicine in such cases seems to be justified by the results.

The sensations experienced under the baking process are said to be unique. The patient is wrapped in an ordinary sheet before being placed on the sheet of fibrous magnesia in the oven. The ends of the oven are covered by canvas, which renders the central compartment air-tight. The patient's feet are completely enclosed, but the head is left out. The application of heat up to about 120° F. is hardly noticeable. Jets of hot air then begin to make them-

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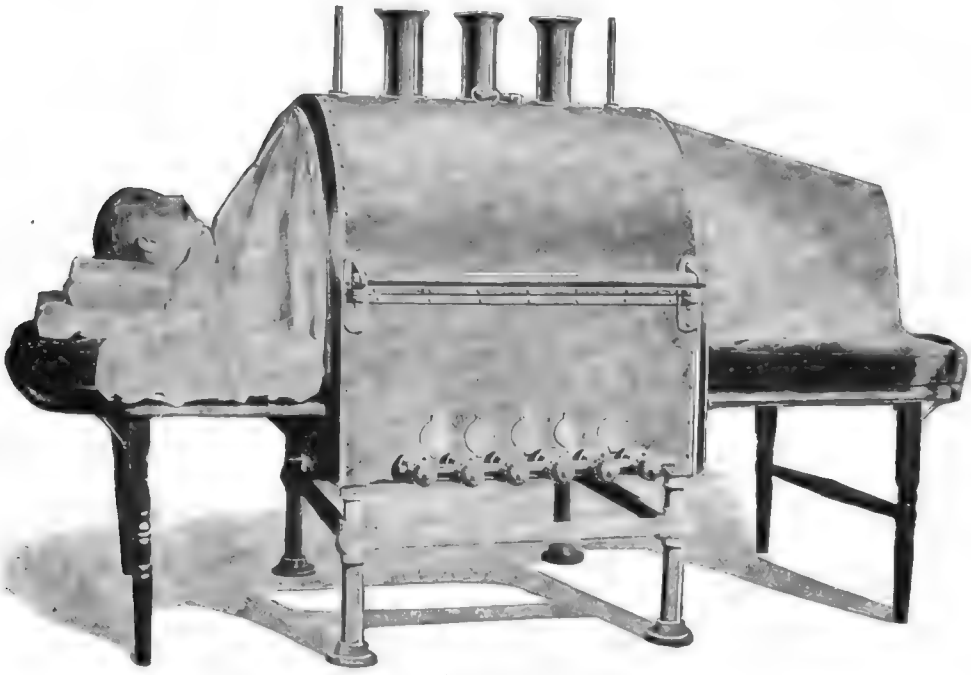

IN THE OVEN, 380 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT.

selves felt, and when 200° F. has been reached, the patient feels as if red-hot air were raining upon him.

Water boils at 212° F. and yet in these human hot-air bakeries patients are able to stand 380° F. without serious inconvenience—168° F. above the boiling point of water! Of course, this high degree of heat may not be sustained for any length of time; but it has been maintained with good results for upwards of fifteen minutes. Even 400° has been borne for a short time, in extreme cases; but it is unusual to subject ordinary cases to such high temperatures.

From 200° to 300° F. patients perspire freely, the perspiration being carried off in the form of steam through the funnels at the top of the baking machines. It feels at first as if one were actually melting away. The extremities tingle and then seem to become numb for the first fifteen or twenty minutes after 200° F. has been reached. After that point the sensation is pleasant, and one becomes somewhat drowsy. An intense thirst is experienced. Liquids are not forbidden while one is undergoing baking, and the patient may sip ice water whenever very thirsty. In order to keep the head cool, bags of ice are applied from time to time.

A number of very remarkable cures have been reported as a result of the baking process. A well-known physician of Brooklyn recently published in a medical journal a record of his results in applying hot air, and it furnishes most remarkable reading. Were not the cases well authenticated, they would sound like testimonials for "cure alls." Persons suffering for years from chronic rheumatism, in its worst form, have been practically cured, and many diseases that have stubbornly resisted all forms of medical treatment have capitulated to the hot-air machine. Even cases of pneumonia have yielded to hot air after other remedial agents have failed.

When it is remembered that, under this treatment, human blood is subjected to heat a hundred or more degrees above the boiling point of water, its successful application is truly marvellous. After a while people may "throw physic to the dogs" and pin their faith to the hot-air machine. Who knows?

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# THE HOUSE ON THE MUIR.

## A SEQUEL TO "A SCIENTIFIC SYMPOSIUM."*

By S. R. Crockett,

Author of "The Gray Man," "Black Douglas," "Joan of the Sword Hand," etc.

This is the somewhat remarkable story the Hempie told my wife as she sat sewing in the little parlor overlooking the garden the day Master Alexander McQuhirr, Tertius, cut his first tooth.† Elizabeth Chrystie was a free-spoken young woman, and she told her tale generally in the English of the schools, but sometimes in the plain country-side talk she had spoken when, a barefoot, bare-legged lass she had scrieved the hills, the companion of every questing collie and scapegrace herd lad 'twixt the Bennan and the Butt o' Benerick.

"THE BRASS PULL CAME AWAY IN MY HANDS."

"When I first got to Craignesslin," said the Hempie, "I thought I had better turn me about and come right back again. And if it had not been for pride, that is just what I should have done."

"Were they not kind to you?" asked Nance.

"Kind? Oh, kind enough—it was not that. I could easily have put an end to any unkindness by walking over the hill. But I could not. To tell the truth, the place took hold of me from the first hour.

"Craignesslin, you know, is a great house, with many of the rooms unoccupied, sitting high on the hills, a place where all the winds blow and where the trees are mostly scrubby scrunts of thorn, turning up their branches like skeleton hands asking for alms, or shrivelled birches and firs all bent away from the west.

"When first I saw the place, I thought that I could never bide there a day—and now it looks as if I were going to live there all my life.

"The hired man from the livery stables in Drumfern set my box down on the step of the front door and drove off as fast as he could. He had a long way before him, he said, the first five miles with not so much as a cottage by the wayside. He meant a public house. He was a rude boor. And when I told him so, he only laughed and said: 'For a' that, ye'll maybe glad to see me the next time I come—even if I bring a hearse for ye to ride to the kirk-yaird in!'

"And with that he cracked his whip and drove out of sight. I was left alone on the doorstep of the old House of Craignesslin. I looked at the windows set deep in the

* Published in Everybody's Magazine for September, 1900.

† This, however, was not discovered till afterwards, and was then acclaimed as the reason why he cried so much on the arrival of his maternal Aunt Elizabeth. To his nearest relative on the father's side the young gentleman's performances seemed perfectly normal.—A. McQ.

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walls. Above one of them I made out the date 1658, and over the door were carven the letters W. F.

"Then I minded the tales my father used to tell me in the winter forenight of Wicked Wat Fergus of Craignesslin, how he used to rise from his bed and blow his horn and ride off to the Whig-hunting with Lag and Heughan, how he kept a tally on his bed-post of the men he had slain on the moors, making a bigger notch all the way round for such as were preachers.

"And while I was thinking all this, I stood knocking for admission. I could not hear a living thing about the place. The bell would not ring. At the first touch the brass pull came away in my hands and hung by the wire almost to the ground.

"Yet there was something pleasant about the place too, and if it had not been for the uncanny silence, I would have liked it well enough. The hills ran steeply up on all sides, brown with heather on the knolls, and the bogs yellow and green with bracken and moss. The sheep wandered everywhere, white against the hill breast or black against the sky-line. The whaups cried far and near. Snipe whinnied up in the lift. Magpies shot from thorn-bush to thorn-bush, and in the rose-bush by the door-cheek a goldfinch had built her nest.

"Still no one answered my knocking, and at last I opened the door and went in. The door closed of its own accord, and I found myself in a great hall with tapestries all round dim and rough, the bright colors tarnished with age and damp. There were suits of armor on the wall, old leathern coats, broadswords basket-hilted and tasselled, not made into trophies but depending from nails as if they might be needed the next moment. Two ancient saddles hung on huge pins, one on either side of the ancient eight-day clock, which ticked on and on with a solemn sound in that still place.

"I did not see a single thing of modern sort anywhere except an empty tin which had held McDowall's Sheep Dip. Nance, you cannot think how that simple thing reassured me. I opened the door again and pulled my box within. Then I turned into the first room on the right. I could see the doors of several other rooms, but they were all dark, and looked cavernous and threatening as the mouths of cannon.

"But the room to the right was bright and filled with the sunshine from end to end, though the furniture was old, the huge chairs uncovered and polished only by use, and the great oak table in the centre was hacked and chipped. From the window I could see an oblong of hillside with sheep coming and going. I opened the lattice and looked out. There came from somewhere far underneath, the scent of bees and honeycombs. I began to grow lonesome and eery. Yet somehow I dared not for the life of me explore further.

"It was a strange feeling to have in the daytime, and you know, Nance, I used to go up to the moor or down past the kirkyard at any hour of the night.

"I did not take off my things. I did not sit down, though there were many chairs, all of plain oak, massive and ancient, standing about at all sorts of angles. One had been overturned by the great empty fireplace, and a man's worn riding-glove lay beside it.

"So I stood by the mantelpiece wondering idly if this could be Major Fergus's glove, and what scuffle there had been in this strange place to overturn that heavy chair, when I heard a stirring somewhere in the house. It was a curious shuffling tread, halting and slow. A faint tinkling sound accompanied it, like nothing in the world so much as the old glass chandelier in the room at Nether Neuk, when we danced in the parlor above.

"The sound of that shuffling tread came nearer, and I grew so terrified that I think if I had been sure that the way to the door was clear, I should have bolted there and then. But just at that moment I heard the foot trip. There was a muffled sound as of some one falling forward. The jingling sound became momentarily louder than ever, to which succeeded a rasping and a fumbling. Something or some one had tripped over my box, and was now examining it in a blind way. I stood turned

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to stone, with one hand on the cold mantelpiece and the other on my heart, to still the painful beating.

"Then I heard the shuffling come nearer again, and presently the door lurched forward violently. It did not open as an intelligent being would have opened a door. The passage was gloomy without, and at first I saw nothing. But in a moment, out of the darkness there emerged the face and figure of an old woman. She wore a white cap or 'mutch' and had a broad and perfectly dead-white face. Her eyes also were white, the color of china-ware, as though she had turned them up in agony and had never been able to get them back again. At her waist dangled a bundle of keys, and that was the cause of the faint musical tinkling I had heard. She was muttering rapidly to herself, in an undertone, as she shuffled forward. She felt with her hands till she touched the great oaken table in the centre.

"As soon as she had done so she turned towards the window and, with a much brisker step, went towards it. I think she felt the fresh breeze blow in from the heather. Her groping hand went through the little hinged lattice I had opened. She started back.

"'Who has opened the window?' she said; 'surely *he* has not been here! Perhaps he has escaped? Walter—Walter Fergus—come oot!' she cried. 'Ah, I see you—you are under the table!'

"And with surprising activity the blind old woman bent down and scrambled under the table. She ran thither like a cat after a mouse, beating the floor with her hands and colliding with the legs of the table as she did so.

"Once as she passed, she rolled a wall-white eye up at me. Nance, I declare it was as if the dead had looked at you!

"Then she darted back to the door, opened it, and with her fingers to her mouth whistled shrilly. A great, surly-looking dog of a brown color lumbered in.

"'Here, Lagwine, he's lost. Seek him, Lagwine! Seize him, Lagwine!'

"And now indeed I thought, 'Bess Chrystie, your last hour is come!' But though the dog must have scented me—nay, though he passed me within a foot, his nose down as if on a hot trail, he never so much as glanced in my direction, but took round the room over the tumbled chairs, and with a dreadful bay ran out at the door. The old woman followed him, but most unfortunately (or as it might be fortunately) at that moment my foot slipped from the fender, and she turned upon me with a sharp cry.

"'Lagwine, Lagwine, he is here! He is here!' she cried.

"And still on all fours like a beast, she rushed across the floor straight at me. She laid her hand on my shoe, and, as it were, ran up me like a cat, till her skinny hands fastened themselves about my throat. Then I gave a great cry and fainted.

"At least I must have done so, for when I came to myself a young man was bending over me with a white and anxious face. He had on velveteen knickerbockers and a jacket with a strap round the waist.

"'Where is that dreadful old woman?' I cried. For I was still in mortal terror."

"I should have died," said Nance. And from the sound of her voice I judged that she had given up the attempt to continue her seam in order to listen to the Hempie's tale, which not the most remarkable exposition of scientific truth on my part could induce her to abandon for a moment.

"'It is all my fault—all my fault for not being at home to meet the trap!' I heard him murmur as I sank vaguely back again into semi-unconsciousness. When I opened my eyes, I found myself in a pleasant room with modern furniture, and engravings on the wall of the Death of Nelson and of Washington crossing the Delaware.

"As soon as I could speak I asked where I was, and if the horrible old woman with the white eyes would come back. The young man did not answer me directly, but called out over his shoulder, 'Mother—she is coming to!' And the next moment a placid, comfortable-

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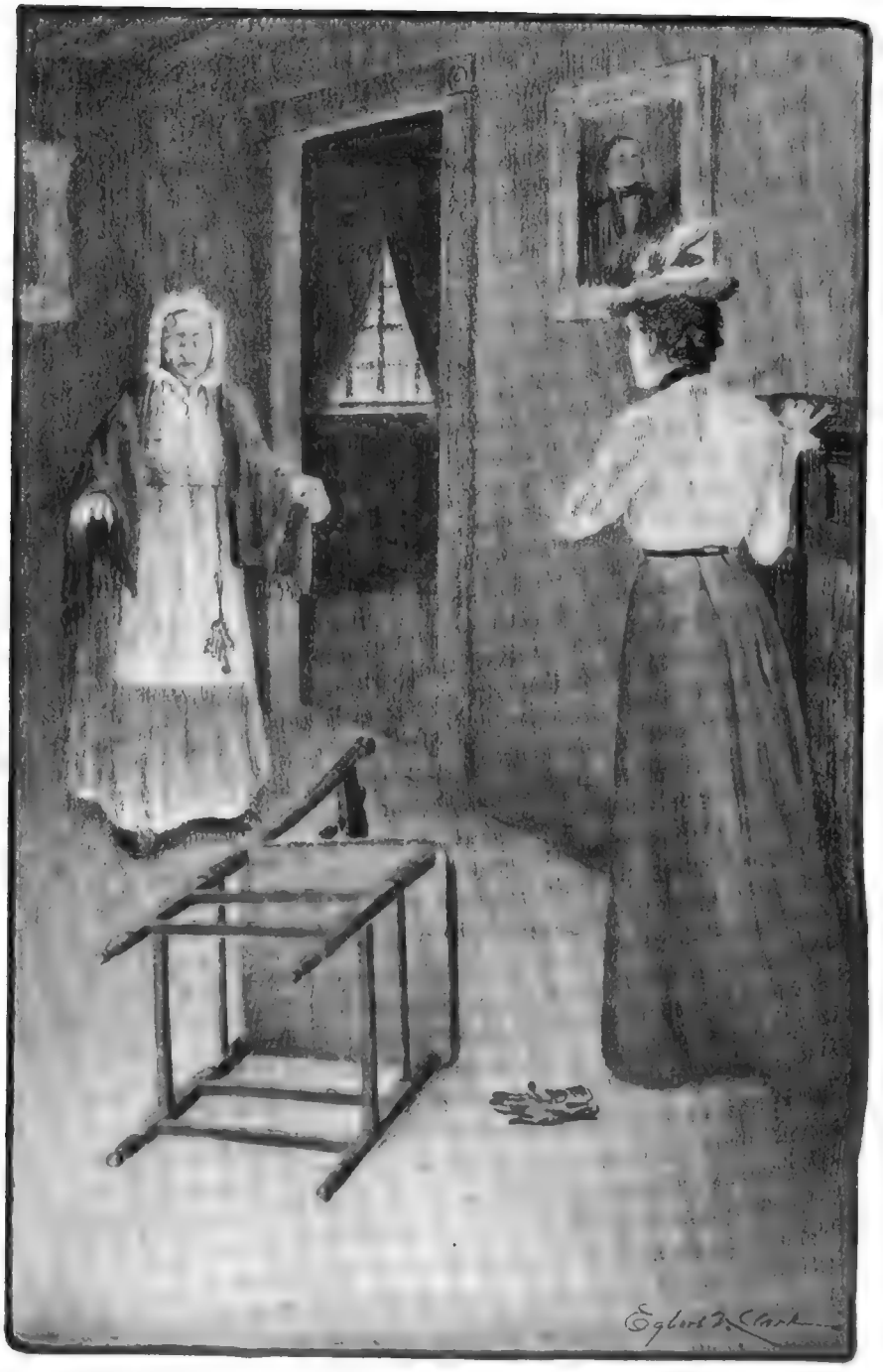

OUT OF THE DARKNESS THERE EMERGED THE FACE AND FIGURE OF AN OLD WOMAN.

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looking lady entered with the air of one who has just left the room for a moment.

"'My poor lassie,' she said, bending over me, 'this is a rough home-coming you have got to the House of Craignesslin. But when you are better I will tell you all. You cannot, are not fit, to hear it now.'

"But I sat up and protested that I was—that I must hear it all at once and be done with it."

"Of course," cried Nance, "you felt that you could not stay unless you knew. And I would not have stopped another minute—not if they had brought down the Angel Gabriel to explain."

"Not if Alec had been there?" queried the Hempie, smiling.

"Alec!" cried Nance in great contempt. "Indeed, if Alec had been in such a place I would have made Alec come away inside of three minutes—yes, and take me with him if he had to carry me on his back! Stop there for Alec's sake! No fear!"

(That is the way my married wife speaks of me behind my back. But so far as I see, there is no legal remedy.)

"Go on, Hempie—you are dreadfully slow."

"So," continued the Hempie, placidly, "the nice matronly woman bade me lie down on a sofa, and put lavender water on my head. She petted me as if I had been a baby, and I lay there curiously content—me, Elizabeth Chrystie, that never before let man or woman lay a hand on me——"

"Of course," said Nance; "was he very nice-looking?"

"Who?"

"The young man in the velveteen suit, of course."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean, was he better-looking than Alec?"

"Better-looking than Alec?—why, of course—Alec isn't a bit——"

"AND WHAT DO YOU THINK I FOUND HARRY DOING? . . . BLACKING MY BOOTS!"

"*Hempie!*"

There was a pause, and then to relieve the strain the Hempie laughed.

"Are you never going to get over it, Nance?"

"Get on with your story, and be sensible!" I could hear a thread bitten through.

"So the lady began to talk to me in a quiet, hushed tone, like a minister beside a sick-bed. She told me how some years ago her poor husband, Major Fergus, had had a dreadful accident. He was not only disfigured, but the shock had affected his brain.

"'At first,' she said, 'we thought of sending him to an asylum, but we could not find one exactly suited to his case. Besides which, his old nurse, Betty Hearseman, who had always had great influence with him, was wild to look after him. She is not quite right herself, but most

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faithful and kind. She cried out night and day that they were abusing him in the asylum. So at last he was brought here and placed in the old wing of the house, into which you penetrated by misadventure to-day.'

"'But the dog?' I asked; 'do they hunt the patient with a fierce dog like that?'

"'Ah, poor old Lagwine,' she sighed, 'he is devoted to his old master. He would not hurt a hair of his head or of anybody's head. Only sometimes, when he finds the door open, my poor Roger will slip out, and then nobody can find him on these weariful hills.'

"Then I asked her of the younger children whom I had been engaged to teach.

"'They are my grandchildren,' she said; 'you can hear them upstairs.'

"And through the clamor of voices that of the young man I had seen rang loudest of all.

"'They are playing with their father,' I said. She shook her head.

"'They are the children of my daughter Isobel,' she said; 'she married Captain Fergus of the Engineers, her own cousin, and died on her way to the West Indies. So Algernon brought them home, and here they are, settled on us. And what with my husband's wastefulness before he was laid aside, and the poor rents of the hill farms nowadays, I know not what we shall do. Indeed, if it were not for my dear son Harry, I know not how we should live. He takes care of everything, and is most scrupulous and saving.'

"So when she had told me all this, I lay still and thought. And the lady's hand went slower and slower across my forehead, till it ceased altogether.

"'I cannot expect you to stop with us after this, Miss Chrystie,' she said, 'and yet I know not what I shall do without you. I think we should have loved one another!'

"I told her that I was not going away—that I was not afraid at all.

"'But to tell you the truth, my dear,' she said, 'I do not rightly see where your wages are to come from.'

"'That does not matter in the least, if I like the place in other ways,' I told her.

("He must be *very* good-looking!" interjected Nance.)

"So I told her I would like to see the children.

"She went up to call them, and presently down they came, a girl of six and a little boy of four. They had been having a rough and tumble, and their hair was all about their faces. So in a little while we were all great friends. They went up to the nursery with their grandmother, and I was following more slowly, when all at once Harry—I mean the young man—came hurrying in carrying a tray. He had an apron tied about him, and the bottom hem of it was tucked into the string at the waist. As soon as he saw me he blushed, and nearly dropped the tray he was carrying. I think he expected me to laugh, but I did not——"

"Of course not!" coincided Nance with decision.

"I just opened the top drawer in the sideboard, and took out the cloth and spread it while he stood with the tray in his arms, not knowing in his surprise what to do with it.

"'I thought you had gone upstairs with my mother,' he said. 'Old John Hearseman is up on the hill with the lambs, and we have no other servants except the children's little nurse.'

"And so—and so," said the Hempie falteringly, "that is how it began!"

I could hear a little scuffle, which being interpreted meant that Nance had dropped her work-basket and sewing on the floor in a heap, and had clasped her sister in her arms.

"Darling, cry all you want to—!" My heart would know that tone through six feet of kirkyard mould and leap to answer it.

"I am not crying—I don't want to cry!" It was the Hempie's voice, but I had never heard it before. Then it took a stronger tone, with little pauses where the tears were wiped away.

"And I found out that night from the

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children how good he was—how helpful and strong. He would be out before break of day on the hills after the sheep. Often with a gamebag over his shoulder, he would bring in all that there was for next day's dinner. Then when Betsy, the small maid, was busy with his mother, he would bathe Algie and Madge and put them to bed. For Mrs. Fergus, though a kind woman in her way, had been accustomed all her life to be waited on, and accepted everything from her son's hands without so much as 'I thank you.'

"So I did not say a word, but got up early next morning and went down-stairs. And what do you think I found Harry doing?"

"What?"

"Blacking my boots!"

There was a sound like kissing and quiet crying, though for the life of me I cannot tell why there should have been. Perhaps the women who will read this will know. And then the Hempie's voice began again, striving after its kind to be master of itself.

"So of course what could I do, when his father died? He and I were with him night and day. For Betty Hearseman being blind could not handle him at all, and Harry's mother was of no use. Indeed, we did not say anything to alarm her till the last morning. No, I cannot tell even you, Nance, what it was like. But we came through it together. That is all."

Nance had not gone back to her sewing. So I could not make out what was her next question. It was spoken too near the Hempie's ear. But I heard the answer plainly enough.

"A month next Wednesday we thought of— It ought to be soon, for the children's sake, poor little things!"

"Oh, yes," echoed Nance, meaningly, "for the children's sake, of course."

The Hempie ignored the tone of the remark.

"Harry is having the house done up. The old part is to be made into a kitchen. John and Betty Hearseman are to have a cottage down the glen."

"And you are to be all alone," cried Nance clapping her hands, "with only the old lady to look after. That will be like playing at house."

"Yes," said the Hempie, ironically, "it would—without the playing. Oh, no, I am going to have a pair of decent moorland lasses to train to my ways, and Harry will have a first-rate herd to help him on the hill."

Then she laughed a little, very low, to herself.

"The best of it is, he still thinks I am poor," she said. "I have never told him about mother's money, and I mean to ask father to give me as much as he gave you and Grace!"

"Of course," said Nance promptly; "I'll come up and help you to make him!"

There was a cheerful prospect in front of Mr. Peter Chrystie of Nether Neuk, if he did not put his hand in his breeches' pocket to some purpose.

"Will Alec let you come?" queried the Hempie. "He will miss you."

"Oh, I'll tell him it is for the sake of baby's health," said Nance; "and besides, they are all the better of being left alone occasionally. They are so nice when they get you back again!"

"What," cried the Hempie, "you don't mean to say that Alec has fits of temper—I never would have believed it of him!"

"Hush—" said Nance. There was again that irritating whispered converse, from which emerged the Hempie's clear voice.

"Oh, but my Harry will never be like that!"

"Wait! Only wait!" said Nance. "Hempie, they are all alike. And besides, they write you such nice letters when they are away. I suppose you get one every day? Yes, of course! What, he walks six miles over the hills to post it! That is nice of him. Alec once came all the way from Edinburgh and went back the next day just because he thought I was cross with him."

"Oh, but—my Harry——!"

(LEFT SPEAKING.)

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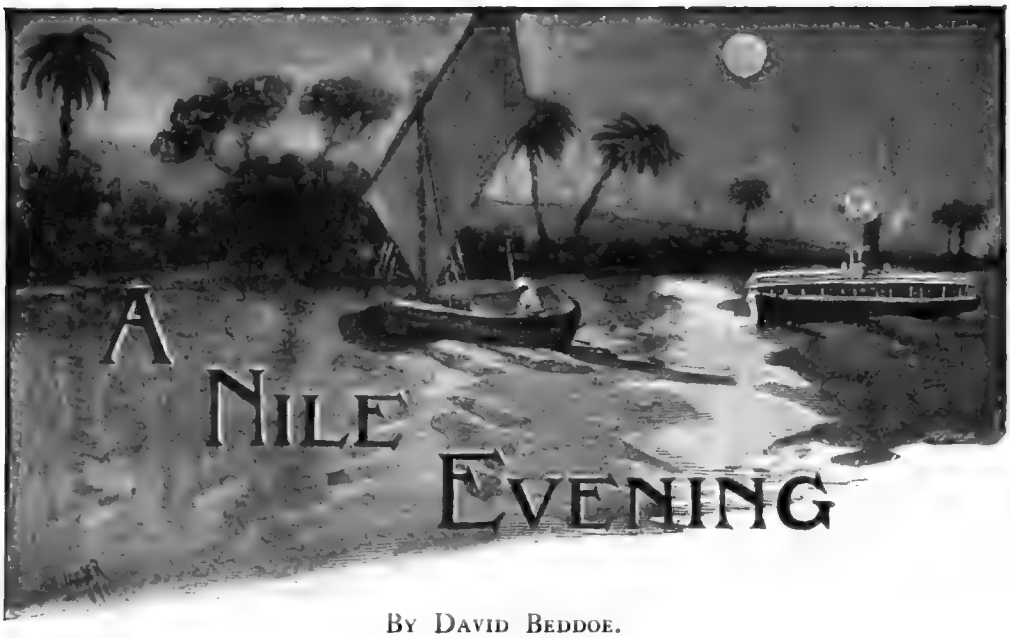


By David Beddoe.

Leaning over the stern rail of the "Osiris," a small paddle-wheeled boat, half-steamer, half-dahabeah, as she chunked, chunked down the Nile on her way from Bedrechein to Cairo, were a man and a girl, and they, with many more, whose voices now came faintly from the open deck amidships, had been spending the day at the Apis tombs of Sakkarah.

The man was Thomas Halliwell, whom ill fate had sent from his law books to Egypt to recoup his damaged health, and spend his small savings in the process.

The girl was an American, companion of a Mrs. Pillsbury, whose high-toned voice came aft with dogmatic clearness.

And the man was in love with the girl, the companion of Mrs. Pillsbury of Chicago. That is why he danced about Cairo, and took night excursions on the river when he ought to have been at Helouan in the warmed dining-room.

He knew it, but he could not help it. His wits had taken leave of him ever since he had met this Miss Millis, some ten days before, at the Continental dance.

It was Mrs. Pillsbury who had introduced him, and since then it was only Miss Millis whom Thomas Halliwell thought about. He forgot even for a while that for which Harley Street had sent him away. But there was not joy altogether in it, for the man, in spite of brilliant prospects at the bar, was poor, and sometimes, when he thought over things at night, as he sat taking off his boots in the quietude of his room, he had a bad time; and he swore at the hardness of fate as he threw his boots out on the mat, without a thought for the nervous old ladies who slept on the same corridor.

It was a beautiful night, a night such as you get only on that oldest of rivers, full of the subtle charm and glamour which comes of sand, water, and the semi-tropical moonlight. On either side stretched the desert, silent and illimitable, dotted here and there by little mounds of sand and a few palm trees. Right away aft reached the shimmering waters of the Nile, flowing gently and solemnly to the distant sea.

From the bank came the subdued creaking of the shadoofs (where the men still pulled at the rope), the distant barking of a dog, or the faint noise of the sakkeyah which the oxen turned. And the man in the shadow of the wooden awning forgot

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the bad time that might come later on, and made love to the girl simply because love was in the air and he could not help it. Then almost insensibly there came to his lips Fitzgerald's famous lines, and he murmured low:

"A book of verses underneath the bough,
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!"

"Oh, so you know Omar?" exclaimed the girl in surprise.

"Yes, why not?" inquired the man.

"Oh, I did not know you were given to such things. I always thought you were so eminently practical."

"I love that old Persian," said the other. "He is a man and a brother."

"Especially when he says,

'Oh, take the cash and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumbling of the distant drum,'"

replied the girl laughingly.

"Quite so. That is my condition exactly. I always feel like that when I am with you, you know," he hazarded.

"So? And do you feel like that just now?" asked the girl, half smiling.

"Yes," replied the man bluntly. "On nights like this I forget everything, except that it is good to be here, living and enjoying; and I shut my ears to that confounded drum."

"Why, what is it saying to you, Mr. Halliwell?"

"Work and damaged health," said the man half lightly.

"But you are better, surely, since you came out here?" she remarked sympathetically.

"Much," replied the other. "Lucky for me, too."

"Why? Must you get back soon, then?" asked the girl with ready intuition.

"Yes, I really ought to stay until the end of the season, I suppose; but I cannot manage it."

"But, surely, if that is so, you ought to stay."

"I know that, but I must get back to work," replied the man, half bitterly.

"Are you so fond of work, then, that you are going to risk your health?"

"It isn't that," replied the man, quietly; "it's money."

"Money, money! It's always money with you men," exclaimed the girl, almost impatiently.

"Um!" remarked the man. "There are some things I want more than money."

"So!" replied the girl. "And what are they?"

"Health for one thing."

"Oh!" And there was something in the manner of her saying it which seemed as if she had expected another answer. "That is the best of everything, of course."

"Not quite," remarked her companion.

"No? Why, what is better?"

The man bit his lip. He was going to make an ass of himself; he knew he was. Confound the girl! What business had she to look so pretty? Far better go back and join the others while there was yet time.

"Shall we go?" asked his companion, remarking the silence. "You find it chilly, perhaps?"

"Chilly? Oh, not a bit of it. Look," he exclaimed, "what a beautiful effect the moonlight has on the ripples!"

And they leaned over the rail together to watch where the rays struck the small wavelets running in long undulating lines of silver after the boat.

"Ah," said the girl, "what strange thoughts a night like this puts in one's head. Somehow one seems to think differently than at other times."

"Eh?" exclaimed the man, arousing himself. "You are right; it does. Makes one forget the cares of making a living; puts thoughts into one's head which ought not to be there; and tempts one to say things," he added slowly, "that one might regret in the morning light."

"Does it affect you in that way?" asked the girl, laughingly. "You've said nothing so far," she added daringly.

"But I shall presently," murmured the

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man grimly, though he answered aloud: "Not that one regrets them for themselves, you know, Miss Millis, but one has to keep a close watch over one's self."

"Oh, how strange you are to-night! Anything on your mind?" asked the girl simply.

The man looked at her. "Yes," he replied grimly; "I'll tell you if you care to listen. Perhaps you can give me some advice."

The girl leaned farther over the taffrail, and seemed to be intent on watching the silvered wavelets. "Yes."

"I am in love," said the man, trying to get a glimpse of his companion's face.

"So! Marry the girl, then," came the prompt reply.

The man's eyes brightened. "Well, I can't, you see," he answered slowly. "That is the difficulty."

"Won't she have you, then?"

"I haven't asked her."

"Oh, then how do you know?"

"Well enough," said he. "The old story—money—feloos, as these johnnies here call it," he added jerkily.

"That is what you wanted money for, then, is it?" asked the girl, half smiling.

"Yes, confound it."

"Would you marry the girl if you had it? You see, I want to know before I can give proper advice," she added.

"Marry her!" exclaimed the man. "Ah!"

"Has she no money either, then?"

"The nicest girls never have."

"Oh!"

"No. 'Tis only the ugly ones who have; like that Miss Curtis of Chicago who is coming out shortly, so the papers say—a millionairess twice over."

The girl looked round. "Is she ugly, then?"

"Sure to be," said the man.

"Have you ever seen her?"

"Um! not that I know of," replied the man lamely. "But I'd bet my bottom dollar, as you Americans say, that she's hideous."

"Oh! I'd like to know what Miss Curtis would say if she heard you."

"But you see she won't."

"O—h!" said the girl, looking again

"I AM IN LOVE," SAID THE MAN, TRYING TO GET A GLIMPSE OF HIS COMPANION'S FACE.

at the river stretching out in one sheet of silver and black into the distance. "And the girl you care for, is she pretty?"

"Yes, too pretty for my peace of mind."

"English?"

"Um!" said the man. "No, American."

"Oh, really? Countrywoman, then, to the hideous Miss Curtis of Chicago?"

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"Yes, but ten times better."

"No money, perhaps, then, Mr. Halliwell?"

He did not reply. He was looking at his companion, and, as he looked, the threads of his self-restraint, which had been stretching, stretching, reached the breaking point.

"I say, Miss Millis," he exclaimed, leaning towards the other, "cannot you guess whom I mean? Don't you know who the girl is whom I'd give my soul to have?"

"I?" she asked, in well-feigned surprise—"I, Mr. Halliwell?"

"Yes, you," exclaimed the man, flinging prudence to the winds. "It's you I want."

The girl did not reply. She looked away over the river, where the moonlight danced on the ripples, and on her face was something smiling and glad.

"I say, Miss Millis," he cried, "please forget what I have said. I beg your pardon."

"No, I won't forget," replied the girl slowly. "And besides, why should I? You have done me a great honor."

"Don't speak of that. It came out. I could not help it."

"Do you regret it, then?" asked the girl, facing him.

"Regret it? No!"

"Then why not wait for my answer?"

"But what is the good?" said the man bluntly. "There are hard facts to be faced. I could not afford to marry even if—the girl would have me," he added, striving to speak impersonally. "Besides, she would not wait."

"How do you know?" she murmured quietly.

"What! If I get all right, and do some good at the bar, will you marry me—will you wait?" And a great eagerness came into his pale, keen face.

The girl did not reply. She only looked at him for an instant. Then a little fleecy cloud came over the moon for a while, and when it passed by, the man and the girl were laughing. Then the man sobered down. "Ah, I am afraid that you will have to put up with a lot for some time," said he.

"Yes," replied the girl, with a faint smile, "life will be full of shifts."

"Tut, never mind," exclaimed the man gayly. "'Twill only be for a few years. I'll soon get all right. Then I'll work as I've never worked before."

"I wish I could help you," said the girl, with a sigh; "but you know what I am."

"Yes, I know," said he gently, "companion to old Mrs. Pillsbury. But you'll help me more than you think. You don't know how I'll work when I have you to think of."

The girl laughed softly and remained silent for a moment or two. Then she added, with sudden earnestness, "But you won't leave until the end of the season now, will you?"

"I must," said the man. "I'll have to go and earn some dollars, or what will Poppa Millis say?"

"Poppa Millis?"

"Yes, of course; your poppa, eh?" he exclaimed laughingly.

"But his name is not Millis," said the girl, looking suddenly away. "It is a mistake of Mrs. Pillsbury's, that. Millis is my Christian name."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the man. "What a queer thing not to know the name of the girl one is going to marry. Not that it matters two pins, of course."

"But it does," said the girl, smiling archly; "at least, I hope so."

"Not a bit of it," repeated the other. "Here, I say—" he broke off, and caught hold of her wrists—"what is the joke? Why are you smiling?"

She gave a little cry, which was half sob, half laugh, and, freeing herself, said, "I don't know, unless it is because I—I am Miss Curtis of Chicago!"

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# BRIDGE BUILDING.

*(BEING ARTICLE NO. 8 IN THE SERIES OF GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.)*

By C. Montgomery M'Govern.

It is a singular fact that while it is the youngest among the great American industries, the business of bridge building in the United States has already become greater than the same industry in any other country in the world. Americans lead the world in a number of industries to-day; but in no other industry has America won first place in such phenomenally short time. A few years ago all the steel bridges put up in the United States were erected by foreign builders; to-day we make not only all our own bridges, but many big foreign bridges are the product of American shops. Not long ago Congress was compelled to help the infant American bridge-building industry by a high protective tariff; to-day the foreigners need protection. In most European countries there is a very high tariff against American bridges, but that does not succeed in keeping the Americans out; for it is a rare thing if the contract to construct a big bridge anywhere, goes to any but an American firm.

SCRAP IRON FROM WHICH BRIDGE STEEL IS MADE.

The latest big achievement of American bridge builders was the obtaining of the contract, a few weeks ago, to build what will be the greatest bridge in the world—an immense structure that will span the St. Lawrence River at the city of Quebec. As may readily be supposed, every large bridge-building firm in the world was anxious for that contract, although many of them expected that as Canadian builders had their plants near the grounds the big contract would probably go to one of them. Their amazement can easily be imagined, therefore, when it was found that a Yankee firm had offered to build the bridge for millions of dollars less than any one else and to get it up in a fraction of the time which all foreign builders had calculated would be necessary for its completion.

And the securing of this big Canadian contract is not by any means the only conspicuous instance where American bridge builders have succeeded in outclassing all competitors. Not a month has passed within the last two or three years that the trade journals have not told of some American firm getting a big bridge contract from some foreign government. The same firm that secured the Canadian contract succeeded not long ago in getting the commission to build eighteen big railway bridges for the government of Russia. These same builders have secured contracts in Japan, in every country in South America, and in nearly every British possession, including places so far apart as New Zealand and Cape Colony. The shops of this firm are not far from Philadelphia. All along the railway which passes through this town is a string of bridge-building works, each of which gets a large number of contracts in various countries of the Old World. There also is located the establishment of the company which not long ago received the contract from the British government to build at Atbara, Egypt, the bridge that aroused so much comment in the newspapers abroad.

It is not to be imagined that foreign governments are over anxious to allow American builders to obtain big bridge contracts when their own people are clamoring for the work, for every time one of these governments gives a contract to an

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American firm the local builders raise a howl of indignation. It is quite evident, therefore, that there must be something remarkable about American bridges and their American builders to enable the latter to maintain their present position.

There is, however, no secret reason why we are able to obtain these contracts. All foreign governments readily acknowledge that there are three reasons why they must overlook builders in their own countries and give the contracts to Americans. One of these is that we can build any kind of a bridge for a smaller amount of money than the foreigners can. The second is that we can finish a bridge in less time than it takes our foreign rivals to get ready to begin the same work. The third reason is that, notwithstanding both the low cost and quick work, the American product is of an unsurpassable quality.

A typical instance of the wonderful rapidity of American bridge builders is the recent making of the eighteen Russian railroad bridges mentioned above. Bids had been invited by the Russian government from everywhere, including Russian builders; but instead of "taking the matter into careful consideration," as foreign builders do, and finally sending their bids in by mail, the American firm promptly cabled their offer the same day they received the invitation. In consequence, they got an acceptance from M. de Routkowsky, the Russian Minister of Finance, and not by the usual channel of the mails either. That gentleman was so pleasantly surprised by the American promptness that he broke a precedent and used the cable himself. Events showed he made no mistake, for the whole dozen and a half bridges were contracted for, designed, made, and placed on ships ready for delivery within one hundred and twenty days —almost before foreign builders had time to conclude to make their bids.

As might be expected, such Aladdin-like achievements have stirred up a great deal of adverse criticism of American bridge-building methods among European engineers. The British engineers were particularly severe in their denunciations, saying that "such bridges could never be put into practical use." It is a matter of satisfaction to Americans, however, to find that staid old authority, "London Engineering," making the statement in its last issue, that English builders will soon be nowhere unless they copy at once the methods of bridge building in the United States.

For these reasons a description of a big American bridge-building plant makes interesting reading matter, and the works of a company, which are probably the greatest in the world, have been selected for description in this article.

The shops and yards of this company cover an area of nearly 5,000,000 square feet, and the 10,000 souls which constitute the town's population would probably not live there were it not for their employment by that firm or the business of attending to the wants of those so employed. The works consist of some two dozen big buildings, placed at irregular intervals in a long narrow valley with a small stream of water running through its centre. Some of these buildings are as big as a New York city block, and all are connected by a network of private steam railway tracks.

The day the writer visited the plant the employees were at work on the great St. Lawrence bridge, and it was a fascinating experience to watch the construction of a particular section of that bridge, from its first stage up to the time when it was lifted on a car, ready for shipment to Quebec, where the mere insertion of a screw and nut is all that will be necessary to put the girder into its permanent position.

This Canadian bridge will be longer, by several hundred feet, than the famous Tay bridge in Scotland, which for many years has "held the record." The St. Lawrence structure will require 54,000,000 pounds of steel. It will have three spans; two of them 600 feet long, and the third three times that length. This centre span will be a cantilever, and the largest ships in the world can pass beneath it; for it will be 150 feet above the river, or 15 feet higher than Brooklyn Bridge. There will be four steam railroad tracks across

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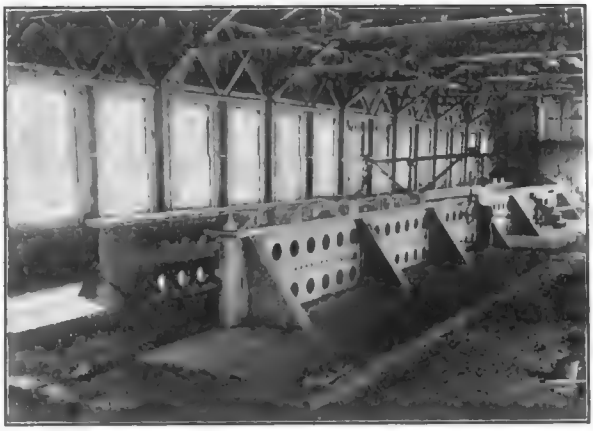
the bridge, besides driveways and sidewalks, and so immense will be some of the beams and girders that no existing railroad cars can hold them. Special trains of cars are now being built to convey them to Quebec.

One might suppose that the building of a great steel bridge is a dry piece of business, consisting merely of moulding a number of beams, girders, and cables, hauling them to a given place, boring a few holes in the different pieces while on the ground, and fastening them together with a few rivets. But this is not so. It is indeed possible to build a great bridge in that way, but it would take a thousand times longer to do the work. It would cost ten thousand times more money, and the possibility of its tumbling into the river before it had been used a month would be increased a hundred thousand times.



TESTING MACHINE, CAPABLE OF STRETCHING SOLID STEEL BEAMS.

Before a hammer is struck, every single detail of a 54,000,000 pound bridge must be worked out on paper. Every beam, wire, rod, and even the screws and nuts and rivets must first have its distinct design. And by "design" is meant not merely a drawing showing its future shape, but a setting forth of every detail. The design must show the length, width, thickness, and the exact number of feet or inches *that the piece will be able to stretch, when completed, without breaking*. For instance, a design for a certain bar of solid steel that will be 46 feet long, 4 inches wide, and 2 inches thick, must give not only these three dimensions, but must, in addition, tell how many feet that finished bar will stretch, without breaking, when it has been placed in permanent position on the completed bridge. Most of us look upon solid steel as a thing that cannot be stretched, but the error of such a supposition was impressed upon the writer when he saw bars of cold, solid steel stretched out as far as *six feet* without injury to the extent of a crack.

But the most wonderful thing of all is that every rivet hole in those 54,000,000 pounds of steel must be arranged for in advance. These holes are bored by lightning-like machinery before the steel leaves the shops, yet when it comes to matching these hundreds of thousands of holes two thousand miles away, every single one of that enormous number must correspond to all the other holes within the one-sixty-fourth part of an inch. It would be a big enough task to bore several hundred thousands of holes through 54,000,000 pounds of steel, if all these holes could be bored in the same relative spots in the different parts of the steel pieces; but these holes must be bored from the most irregular patterns, and with flash-like rapidity, and yet every hole must correspond in size *and location* to several hundreds of thousands of other holes, within one-sixty-fourth of an inch. The system by which such a feat is made possible is truly marvellous.

MACHINE FOR CUTTING HOLES THROUGH SOLID STEEL.

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On the day the writer was at these works the employees were finishing a number of big beams for the new bridge. These beams were about 100 feet long, and in each some twenty-four holes had to be bored at various points throughout its length, in order that when the finished beams reached Quebec they could be put promptly into the exact positions. These holes ran in a zig-zag line from one end of each beam to the other, and were bored simply by feeding the beam into a machine. The positions for the holes were not marked off on the beams, yet the machine found the exact spots and punched all the holes so accurately that, when a dozen or more of the beams were finished and laid side by side, looking through the holes was much like looking through the inside of the barrel of a rifle.

When the design for a certain steel beam in the bridge has been finished by the draughtsman and approved of by the general manager, it is sent over to the superintendent of the melting department, and there it will be worth our while to follow it. We find a long, wide, high house, inside the length of which we see eight enormous furnaces, each with four compartments. These furnaces are built twenty feet above the ground, and they all face on a steel platform of that height, the platform running the whole length of the building in front of the furnaces, and having a width of thirty feet.

When the designs for the bar are received, an immense quantity of gas is turned into one of the furnaces and lighted. The gas is manufactured in a separate big building near the melting-house, and more gas is made for these eight furnaces than is used in many large cities. Then the furnace is filled to the top with different proportions of pig iron, iron ore, a clay called fluoride of calcium, and scrap iron (such as old sewing machines, old bicycles, old gas pipes, old skates, and so on). This combination of material is used because the builders have learned that, melted in furnaces of this kind, it makes the toughest kind of steel that man has ever known of, and that is the kind that makes the best bridges. In former days all this stuff had to be thrown into the furnaces by hand and stirred up by a force of men armed with extremely long pokers—for inside the furnaces a special thermometer indicates that the temperature is 4,000 degrees. But now they employ a machine which grabs up a couple of tons of this stuff at a time, and not only throws it into the furnace, but goes in after it and stirs it around to insure full mixing. The machine does this work in a few seconds, and at no more cost than the expense of running a small electric motor.

In six hours after the mixture has been thrown in, each furnace contains 66,000 pounds of the finest steel that can be made. It would be impossible, were one of the doors thrown open, for any one to look at the molten mass with naked eyes, but standing off at a safe distance one may do so by the aid of dense blue spectacles. The steel is whirling around in the furnace, hissing and sputtering like boiling oil in an immense cauldron, and it is now so white that it makes one's dark spectacles look like pieces of extremely light blue glass, and even thirty feet away one's face feels as though it were being scorched with red-hot pokers.

This system of making steel is quite different from the one described in a former issue of this magazine.* The one now described is a newer process, and it makes better "bridge steel" than the steel produced in the older way—the Bessemer process. Bessemer steel is in turn better than the newer sort of steel for some purposes, such as for rails, and others for which hardness and rigidity are the most desirable features. But the best "bridge steel" must be elastic and tough, even if it has to suffer the loss of some hardness, so that all American bridge builders use the new process for making their steel.

The melted steel is removed from the furnaces, poured into moulds, cooled, and the resulting "ingots" are heated again

* "Steel Making at the Carnegie Works," in the April issue of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

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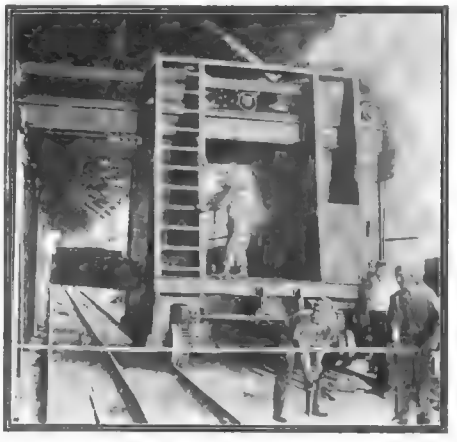
A SQUEEZING MACHINE, ABLE TO COMPRESS STEEL UNDER 600,000 POUNDS PRESSURE.

in a second furnace in much the same manner as in a Bessemer steel plant, and these ingots are finally placed in rolling machines, from which they emerge in the form of rough bars, or beams, or whatever part of a bridge is desired at the time.

It is remarkable that from the time the mixture is first placed in the big furnaces by the electrical feeder, up to the time it leaves the rolling machines in the form of steel bars or beams, it is never touched by human hands. The boiling steel flows from the furnaces into the bucket of its own volition, by gravitation; the bucket is operated by machinery; machinery removes the ingots from the moulds, places them on the cars and into the second set of furnaces; and even while in the rolling machines the ingots do not require to be touched by man—even with a rod; for the ingot is turned around, stood on end, and placed between the teeth of the rollers by ingeniously quick machinery which does all the work desired by man, upon the mere pressure of this or that button or lever.



THIS MACHINE SNATCHES UP TONS OF SCRAP IRON, THRUSTS IT INTO A FURNACE, FOLLOWS IT IN, AND STIRS IT UP.

The rolling-mill is a very dark building, with just enough light to enable the stranger to avoid stepping into the mouth of the furnace. The machinery here is constantly in motion, so that nothing but a snap-shot could make a photograph of the place in operation. It is not surprising, therefore, that such a photograph should have always been considered an impossibility. Such, however, is not the case, as the accompanying illustration will show. It occurred to the writer that the red-hot ingot gave off enough light to make a photo, and as a wild experiment a snap was made with quite a satisfactory result. The camera could not be left long in that position, though, for the heat of the ingot was so intense that it would crack glass if held too long at that short distance.

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If one of the bars turned out by the rolling-mill be found even one-sixty-fourth of an inch too short or too long, or if one of the end holes has been cut out one-sixty-fourth of an inch beyond the holes in a standard bar—that is, one-sixty-fourth of an inch out of location—back it goes to the heap of scrap iron, where it starts all over again. It does not pay to tinker with even a slightly defective bar in these shops, for so short is the time that the machinery requires to do all the vast amount of work that it takes less time to make an entirely new bar than to alter a completed one.

To make sure that the completed bars are up to the standard, an occasional one is placed in the wonderful testing machine and subjected to a strain *greater* than the amount of strain that could possibly be exerted on the bar were it in the finished bridge, and to a shock also greater than the amount that could be given it when in position. If the bar comes out intact, the whole batch of its companions are released; but if it cracks even the length of the thickness of a piece of paper, it and its companions must go back and be melted over again. Such a procedure is very seldom necessary, however, for all the work is done with such premeditation, caution, and exactitude that these tests are practically merely a matter of form.

This testing machine is a marvel of the mechanic's skill, and, unimposing though it seems, it can break a pillar of solid steel which is able to stand a pressure of 2,160,000 pounds! The machine tests either the suspending power of a beam or its supporting capacity, and consists of two walls of steel 100 feet long, 4 feet high, and several inches thick. The walls are laid parallel, five feet apart, in a bed of masonry. Each wall is made of a number of steel plates overlaying each other, and riveted through every few inches. Top, bottom, and sides are reinforced by other thicknesses of steel plates, also closely riveted. In each wall are 84 holes in two tiers of 42 holes each. In the farther end of the machine is a steel clutch, which can be moved back and forth within the machine by great hydraulic pressure. When an eye-bar is to be tested, one of the ends of the bar is placed in this clutch, and through the other end of the bar is thrust a steel bolt. This bolt has four arms which fit into four holes—two holes in each wall—of the machine at its near end.

When all is secure, the water pressure is turned on, and, while the bolt remains stationary, the clutch gradually pulls away by the water pressure in an opposite direction to the bolt—the clutch dragging with it the bar held fast in its teeth. This pressure is continued until the bar in the machine has stood stretching to the required length without snapping. The different holes in the walls of the machine are for testing pieces of steel of different lengths, and when a certain piece has been stretched beyond the holes at which it started, its end is attached to the next two pairs of holes. In this way an eye-bar 46 feet long, 6 inches wide, and $1\frac{9}{16}$ inches thick is frequently stretched *six feet* without cracking.

In another building are a number of machines, each of which can take a red-hot bar of steel and turn it into the toughest kind of rivets at the incredible rate of 10,000 rivets per day. As the red-hot bar enters this machine a steel hand squeezes the square end of the bar into the round end of a rivet; another steel hand squeezes the straight side of the bar into the circular shape of a rivet, and a third hand cuts off the finished rivet from the rest of the bar, which again furnishes material for more rivets as though it were all the trick of some past-master magician.

And so it is, all along the line—one wonderful piece of machinery after another, machinery that not only saves the cost of a countless number of workmen, but machinery doing what no number of human beings could do with their own hands, no matter how large their number.

"You do not find any such extensive machinery as this in any of the shops of foreign bridge builders," said the superintendent, who escorted the writer through the plant. "I was formerly connected with several big works abroad, and so had

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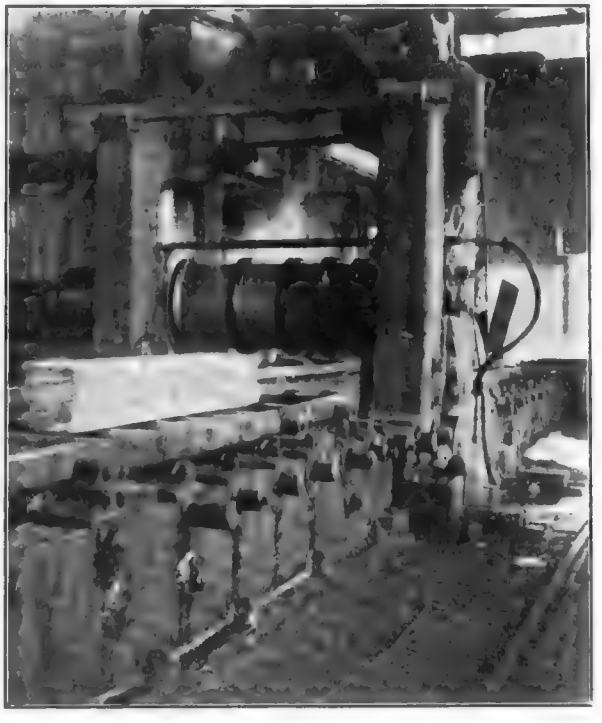
abundant opportunity for observation. And if it were not for this machinery we could never do the work we do here; we could not do it so perfectly, nor so rapidly, nor so cheaply.

"European bridge builders could, of course, obtain duplicate machinery if they were willing to pay for it, but they do not understand abroad the advantage of investing a great deal of money in what they are pleased to call our 'new-fangled things.' Here in America the builders are constantly on the lookout for even newer things, and if one of the common workmen happens to think of an improvement, he has only to tell his foreman, and the thing is at once looked into. If the idea is at all practical a machine is immediately built, no matter how much may be its first cost, and so American ingenuity and commercial daring triumph.



SNAP-SHOT TAKEN BY THE LIGHT OF A RED-HOT INGOT OF STEEL, JUST ABOUT TO BE PASSED THROUGH A ROLLER.

"The fact that American workmen are paid better than those in foreign shops does not prevent our making bridges cheaper than European firms who get their labor for so little. There are several reasons for this. For one thing, the American mechanic is more alert and a more rapid producer than the mechanic of Europe; and, for another thing, in America we spend a great deal of thought, more thought than they do abroad, in developing the science of management—thinking things out thoroughly but quickly beforehand, and then utilizing our resources in a way that will give the greatest returns. Abroad they rely too much on the general skill of the individual; here our chief object is to divide the individuals into specialists, and scientifically dovetail the different special results into a homogeneous whole."

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## TO IANTHE.

The wind, through summer trees,
Blows kisses warm—
Would I, a lisping breeze,
Might touch thy form.

All waters seek the sea,
To join its might;
And I would haste to thee
For love's delight.

The dove in budding spring
Now wooes a dove;
And I, too, longing sing:
"Ah! come, my love."

The blossoms grace the bower
With beauty rare:
Thou, love, art like a flower,
And fairest fair.

Sweet, soft-accorded sound
Makes heart rejoice;
Yet sweeter far I found
Thy murmured voice.

The stars pellucid show
In midnight skies,
But lovelier the glow
Of thy dear eyes.

The moon rides gently o'er,
And strews her beams—
O thou, forever soar,
My light of dreams.

The sun's supernal light
Illumes the earth:
Thou art, like heaven, bright
With love and worth.

MARVIN DANA.

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# FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE.

By Stuart Robson.

## PART IV.

### ROBSON AND CRANE.

In 1877 "Our Boarding House" was produced at the Park Theatre, New York City, William H. Crane being cast for the part of Elevator and myself for Gillipod. The parts were originally considered as of somewhat minor importance, but they turned out to be not only the basis of a most successful play, but eventuated in a profitable and pleasant partnership of twelve years—a partnership which one might say was formed by the public.

STUART ROBSON AT HOME.

As a result of the success of this play, Crane and I became very good friends, and talked over the possibility of buying "Our Boarding House" from Leonard Grover, the author.

I had just been rescued from the shipwreck of "The Two Men of Sandy Bar," but Lawrence Barrett offered to set me on my feet again with a loan of ten thousand dollars, and Crane assured me he had a fond father who might see his son for a like sum—so we wrote to Grover offering him twenty thousand dollars for the play.

Grover was blind and wouldn't see us.*

In our discouragement we called on Dion Boucicault, who expressed his surprise at Grover's refusal. "What did the man want, for God's sake—all? Did he have no love for his art, that he denied an offer so princely—as for himself, he never asked for more than a fair share of the profits; and to show his sincerity and generosity he would let us have 'Forbidden Fruit' for forty per cent of the gross receipts."

I was speechless with gratitude. I looked at Crane — the poor fellow was crying like a child. I don't think I ever had such a feeling. It was a most affecting scene. Tom Pinch at the feet of Mr. Pecksniff wasn't a marker to it. Crane was the first to stagger to his senses. "We'll take it, Mr. Boucicault," said he.

"All right, my lads," said the great man sweetly; "give me your hands and two thousand dollars advance royalty. We'll call it to-morrow at ten."

We left the house in silence. In a minute Crane was leaning against a lamp-post.

"What do you think of him *now?*" I said reverently.

"What do I think of him?" said Crane, "what do I think of *him?* Well, if there ever *was* a Shakespeare, he's it!"

Mr. Crane was then twenty-three years eight months and ten days old.*

* One year after this refusal we purchased the play from Mr. Grover for one thousand dollars.

* "Forbidden Fruit" was played 143 times. Mr. Boucicault received $42,875.25; Robson and Crane, $9,130.

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MAY WALDRON (MRS. ROBSON).

Dion Boucicault was probably the best practical dramatist of his time. I don't think I ever met a more entertaining man in my life. I have seen him the centre of many eminent men, but never for a moment when he was not the confessed master of the situation. His manners were charming, his humor the best; as a stage manager he was unequalled. With all these splendid attainments he was faithless to his friends and utterly heartless to those who had the best claim to his love. A great dramatist, a great actor, after charming the world in both positions he ends his misdirected life as a teacher of the stage to a few silly young people who are prepared "to be prepared in all branches of acting and elocution. Engagements guaranteed."

The firm of Robson and Crane made its first appearance in public in Chicago, September 3, 1877. The play was "Forbidden Fruit." It was a success, and the venture was regarded with approbation throughout the country, judging from the congratulatory letters that we received. The partnership thus inaugurated lasted twelve years, our last appearance together being on May 11, 1889, at the Star Theatre, New York City.

A review of those twelve years might better be written by the partners in that enterprise rather than by one of them. The plays produced were nearly all notable successes, the several Shakespearian revivals attracting especial attention. Those that theatre-goers of to-day will recall are "Our Bachelors," "Sharps and Flats," "Forbidden Fruit," "A. D. 1906," "The Cherubs," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Twelfth Night," "Our Boarding House," "Comedy of Errors," and "The Henrietta."

As the last two were sort of climaxes in our conjoined career, it may not be out of place to give some detail about their production. We were playing in San Francisco, when John McCullough the tragedian came to us and said:

"Why don't you play the Two Dromios in 'The Comedy of Errors'?"

STUART ROBSON AS TONY LUMPKIN.

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STUART ROBSON AND WILLIAM H. CRANE IN "THE COMEDY OF ERRORS."

"Because it would be a physical impossibility," I replied. "We would have to look alike. I am thin, graceful, and beautiful. Crane is fat, ugly, and stumpy."

Crane was a little testy at times and sure to resent any reflection on his personal appearance.

"One of us be a liar!" said he, "and I'm too much of a gentleman to name his name."

"Come, come, boys," said McCullough, "if you have no respect for yourselves, remember your Art." This was the word that always brought us to our senses. Even in our several encounters—few of which were physical—the word Art, uttered by a friend at the critical moment, would lessen our anger, soften our hearts, and throw ourselves weeping into each other's arms.

WILLIAM H. CRANE.

McCullough, knowing our weakness, calmly said, "Come, laddies, remember your Art, the duty we all owe to *Her!*" We halted. "Let us try the 'Comedy of Errors.'"

We both told him he was crazy.

"Come now, boys, let us try it the last night of your engagement here."

"We will only try it once," I said.

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"They will never let us play it again anywhere else."

However, to make a long story short, we did play it, and more than once, with Barton Hill, Marie Prescott, and Thomas W. Keene in the cast, and achieved a fair success. Our second representation of the Dromios was at the Park Theatre, New York, November 25, 1879, under the management of Henry E. Abbey. Boucicault predicted failure, and Abbey during our rehearsals never encouraged us with more than a dubious nod of his head. The audience flowed over the seating capacity, and into every nook and corner of the house. It was large, but to us singularly devoid of warmth or appreciation. There was a stupefying dearth of either laughter or applause. After the last act I was seated in my dressing-room, ruminating on the mistake we had seemingly made, when Crane glided in, looking unutterably sad and dejected. He leaned against the wall, and for five minutes or more we glared hungrily at one another, each vainly hoping for a syllable of cheer or sympathy. At length I shook my head sadly, and said:

"A failure!"

"Of the most gigantic dimensions," said he.

The first man I met on leaving the theatre was Henry E. Abbey; he was grinning from ear to ear. "It's a go, old fellow," he said; "everybody likes it, and the critics have gone wild." My first reflection was that Abbey was concealing his pity: that Crane and myself could have been so deceived did not seem possible. In a moment we met Petroleum V. Nasby. "Never saw anything better in my life," he said. "Fame and fortune are at your feet, my trim-built wherry, supplicating your ambient caresses."

"This is no joke?" I faltered.

"Never was more serious in my life."

"You saw the play?"

"Every scene of it."

"And you think it a success?"

"Undoubtedly and emphatically."

"Shall we adjourn to the inn of mine host of the Garter and moisten?"

The adjournment was prompt and decisive. Sure enough, the newspapers of the following morning were unanimous in their approval, and during the seven succeeding years the profits of the "Comedy of Errors," presented shabbily and intermittently, aggregated $123,000.

FANCIFUL ADVERTISEMENT OF STUART ROBSON AND WILLIAM H. CRANE.

It was this success that brought about the elaborate production of the "Comedy of Errors," as played in New York, a production that cost more than $25,000. In that piece and in "The Henrietta" the firm of Robson and Crane achieved its greatest successes.

The latter was a play of the times and was the biggest kind of a go, though there were many predictions that it would be a dire failure. Bronson Howard was the foremost American dramatist of the day, but he had just had a notable failure (not an infrequent thing with all able

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dramatists), and the calamity howlers affected even Crane and myself. It was with much trepidation that the piece was produced, and the results are best shown by the fact that in sixty-eight weeks "The Henrietta" drew $497,852.

This play terminated the partnership of Robson and Crane.* It had lasted twelve years without discordance or disagreement. As I look back to this important event in both our lives I recall many amusing incidents which are inseparable to the life of the actor, whose private affairs are always under the microscopic and critical eye of the scandal-monger. These worthies were never at a loss for inventions of our troubles.

WILLIAM H. CRANE IN "A VIRGINIA COURTSHIP."

I remember one hot day in August being on the train between Boston and Cohasset. Seated immediately in front of me were two elderly ladies who were discussing the last theatrical scandal. "Ellen Terry had not been satisfied with having married seven husbands, but was about to pinch an eighth in the person of the young Duke of Knuckleunder." Then our own Mary Anderson caught it. "Did you ever hear of such a shameless hussy—posing all these years as a devout Catholic, and now we have it on the authority of Dr. Brooks that for months she has been carrying on a correspondence with Senator Ingalls and John L. Sullivan."

Thus did the old ladies keep up a running fire on the characters of the several saints of our calling, until they came to those models of propriety, Robson and Crane. These worthies "led lives too terrible to mention. After years of bickerings and debaucheries they had decided to separate. Crane had squandered his means and neglected his family, while Robson had threatened Crane's life with a double-barrelled shot-gun. Crane had gone to Boston yesterday to get out a warrant for his arrest."

At this moment the train stopped at Hingham. A jaunty, well-seasoned old salt stepped aboard —Crane in his yachting suit, as Commodore of the Hull Yacht Club. Walking down the aisle, he spied his "friend and partner," and falling lazily into the seat beside him, threw his arm affectionately over his shoulder and merrily asked him, "What cheer?"

The old ladies turned and looked glassily at the couple. The conductor came and punched his ticket.

"Good evening, Mr. Crane. Same to you, Mr. Robson."

*Curtain!*

* During the last season of Robson and Crane, on the stage of the Chicago Opera House, in reference to certain ill-natured remarks that had passed concerning the feeling between the comedians, Mr. Robson said: "It will ever be with a sentiment of mingled satisfaction and pride that I shall recall the times when it was my good fortune to share honors with one whom I esteem as an honorable man, a generous friend, and a matchless actor." And Mr. Crane in response said: "While we think that the change we are about to make is for the best, and we are separating willingly, we cannot part without regret. For twelve years we have worked loyally and hard together. We have tried to serve our art as well as ourselves, while we have endeavored to amuse and entertain our friends. With the heartiest Godspeed, the kindliest interest in each other's welfare, the warmest personal feeling toward one another, we set off next season each on his separate way."—*Joseph Howard, Jr., in "Famous American Actors of To-day."*

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What an odd thing scandal is, to be sure! It is the cheapest of all crimes. How many hearts it has wounded, how many homes it has shattered, how many murders are at its doors!

"Scandal lives upon succession;
Forever housed where once it gets possession."

The death of Edwin Forrest in the early years of the Robson and Crane partnership was a decided loss to the American stage. I first met Forrest in 1857, when playing in Baltimore. It was after this that I was engaged in Edwin Forrest's company, a man whose name to-day suggests to me all that is great and strong and intelligent on the tragic stage. He was a big man in sense of mind and soul if there ever was one. That he was a great actor I have no doubt, but that the playgoers of to-day would accept him as the playgoers of his day did, I am not inclined to believe. But if he lived to-day, his mentality was such that I am sure his acting would have changed to keep in touch with the entire thought of the time in which he lived. Writers refer to the "robust" school of acting nowadays as though it was something amazing; but Forrest was of that school, and his acting was always beautiful.

STUART ROBSON AS BERTIE IN "THE HENRIETTA."

His life had been embittered by disappointments, and he kept very much to himself; but he was in every way a gentleman, and when he chose to be good-natured, he was a most fascinating man. He had a marvellous mind, and I remember on one occasion, when some ministers had quoted Scripture against the stage, he sat down in his dressing-room and wrote, without consulting the Bible, fifty references confuting the point of view of the aforesaid ministers. Some friends of mine and myself got a copy from him, and the next day looked them up, and, to our amazement, found every one absolutely *à propos*.

He seldom went into society; in fact, he refused all invitations to entertainments of a light or frivolous character. On one occasion, however, when he was in Washington, some admirers of his, members of the United States Senate, gave a dinner to him (though he at first protested), at which there were present some of the foremost statesmen of the time. Forrest had been so little seen off the stage that he was regarded with considerable curiosity,

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A STIRRING SCENE FROM "OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

and one of the senators who was present told me afterwards that, remembering his reputation, all the diners expected to meet a man of very morose disposition and somewhat narrow point of view. He was very quiet during the early part of the dinner, but when he came to know his fellow-guests better, he opened up and talked, fascinating them by the brilliancy and breadth of his conversation, a remarkable thing when one considers that among those men were Sumner and others of his calibre. Moreover, he did not talk of the stage so much as of other things, and he was listened to with respect by the statesmen even when he entered into their domain.

He had a marvellous voice, and it was always under perfect control. As much cannot be said for his temper. Shortly after I joined his company, "Hamlet" was announced, and I received the part of First Grave Digger. At the rehearsal Mr. Forrest interrupted the priest when he came on to deliver his speech over Ophelia's grave, and said:

"That is the most beautiful speech in 'Hamlet,'" and then went on to point out its beauties and to show how the lines should be spoken. To me this was a great experience—to hear this actor, with his fine, critical sense, dilating upon the beauties of a speech that the ordinary person would pass over, and it at once increased my great admiration for the actor.

When we came to the fifth act of the performance that night, and I was down in the grave, digging away, I awaited anxiously the entrance of the priest in order to hear that speech again and note the beauties that Mr. Forrest had pointed out. The priest took his position at the head of the grave, and I kept digging very industriously, at the same time waiting anxiously for the first word—anxious to follow, as I wanted to commit it to memory. There was a silence I could not account for, and, still digging, I noticed that the priest's legs looked somewhat shaky.

"The—hic—obse—hic—kies—hic——" then there was a pause.

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"Her seekies have so far enlarged her death was doubtless——"

I looked up just a bit and saw the man was swaying to and fro on the edge of the grave, and that he was grossly intoxicated. I remember how dreadful were my feelings; I felt myself growing hot and cold—to think that, on the night of the day the great Forrest had pointed out the beauties of this remarkable speech, the man who was to deliver it should be drunk. Forrest had his back turned when the man began, but as he went on "hic-ing" and "obsequing," he turned and his face blanched.

"The irreverent rascal!" he said, so that everybody on the stage could hear him, yet the words did not get to the audience.

"Cut his tongue out, the ungrateful Judas! Take him out and throw him into the street quickly, before I break his damned neck."

The disgraced actor was led from the stage, and Mr. Forrest, in order that the beautiful lines should not be lost, spoke them himself:

"Her obsequies have been so far enlarged
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful—
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her.
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants—
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial."

SOUVENIR.

# THE HENRIETTA.

A Comedy by Bronson Howard.

—: PRODUCED BY THE COMEDIANS :—

# ROBSON & CRANE,

Union Square Theatre, New York.

## ONE HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE

Saturday Matinee, December 31st, 1887.

CHARACTERS:

| | |
|---|---|
| *NICHOLAS VANALSTYNE, "Old Nick," in the Street,* | *Mr. WM. H. CRANE.* |
| *Dr. PARKE WAINRIGHT,* | *Mr. H. J. LETHCOURT.* |
| *NICHOLAS VANALSTYNE, Jr.,* | *Mr. CHARLES KENT.* |
| *BERTIE VANALSTYNE, A Lamb,* | *Mr. STUART ROBSON.* |
| *LORD ARTHUR TRELAUNEY, Another,* | *Mr. LORIMER STODDARD.* |
| *The Rev. Dr. MURRAY HILTON,* | *Mr. FRANK TANNEHILL, Jr.* |
| A shepherd. "It was to combat and expose such as these, no doubt, that laughter was made."—*Vanity Fair.* | |
| *WATSON FLINT,* | *Mr. HENRY BERGMAN.* |
| *MUSGRAVE,* | *Mr. LOUIS CARPENTER.* |
| *Mrs. CORNELIA OPDYKE,* | *Miss SELENA FETTER.* |
| *ROSE VANALSTYNE,* | *Miss SIBYL JOHNSTONE.* |
| *AGNES LOCKWOOD,* | *Miss JESSIE STOREY.* |
| *Lady MARY TRELAUNEY,* | *Miss MAY WALDRON.* |

—UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF—

J. M. HILL AND JOSEPH BROOKS.

SOUVENIR PROGRAMME OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE OF "THE HENRIETTA."

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# EXPLOSIVES.

## THE THEORIES AND CAUSES OF EXPLOSIONS.

*BEING NO. 10 OF THE SERIES "SIMPLE EXPLANATIONS."*

By Edgar Mels.

Henry Thomas Buckle, the historian, declared that, next to the discovery of steam as a motive power, the discovery of gunpowder has done more to civilize humanity than any other agency. Some thousands of years ago, according to Chinese claims, one of that race invented or discovered gunpowder. That assertion has been contradicted, but, be that as it may, as far as modern or Western civilization is concerned, explosives, such as gunpowder, date back to the time of Roger Bacon, who rediscovered the chemical principle that saltpetre, charcoal, and sulphur, when mixed in right proportion, produce a black powder which, when ignited, explodes with much force. This was in 1267, but nothing came of the discovery until 1320, when Berthold Schwartz manufactured the first practical gunpowder. Twenty-six years later, at the battle of Crécy, gunpowder was first used in warfare.

Since then, man's inhumanity to man has served to stimulate inventors and scientists, so that to-day the number of explosives is almost as large as the proverbial sands of the sea.

In taking up the subject of explosives, one thing must be borne in mind—that all explosives have the same bases, and that all can only go into active operation under certain similar conditions. The law of explosives demands the presence of carbon, oxygen, and nitrogen, in some shape or other. Oxygen is absolutely necessary for combustion; and as rapid combustion, with the sudden expansion of gases it involves, is another name for explosion, oxygen is a vital necessity. Nitrogen always exists in a state of feeble combination with oxygen in all explosive compounds, and it creates the condition of unstable chemical equilibrium necessary to explosions. The nitrogen and carbon create the gases that explode.

Given a substance by whose combustion or decomposition expansive gases are generated with extraordinary rapidity, how is the explosion caused?

By the effect of heat, which means rapid motion.

The application of a spark will cause combustion—that is explosion *caused by ignition.*

A sudden compression of the molecules composing the explosive, which, as explained in a previous article, creates heat, will cause combustion—that is explosion *caused by compression.*

An extraordinary agitation of the molecules, brought about by a sudden shock creating friction and heat, will cause combustion—that is explosion *caused by percussion.*

In the act of decomposition the nitrogen parts from the oxygen. The oxygen is used up in combustion. This leaves the nitrogen free to act as it will, and as it has a great affinity for carbon, it fuses with it, and in so doing, creates carbonic acid and carbonic oxide gases.

These two gases possess tremendous expansive properties, and when suddenly created, as in the process of explosion, exert enormous pressure upon the envelope confining them, whether it be a brass shell or merely the surrounding atmosphere. All the processes mentioned above take place instantaneously—as far as human understanding goes—and occur so rapidly as to produce the phenomenon known as explosion.

Of course, scientists and experts in explosives give long chemical formulas and produce logarithms to prove all this, but to the layman such scientific obscurity is superfluous. The force of the explosion is due to the pressure which gaseous products exert upon any confining envelope.

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This pressure varies according to the nature of the explosive and the size of the envelope. Of this, more later.

As gunpowder is the most common, as it was the first, of all explosives, a few words regarding it will not be amiss. Every military nation prides itself upon the force and perfection of its favorite powder, but every powder consists of a form of common saltpetre (known as potassic nitrate), charcoal, and sulphur. Explanations as to the qualities of the ingredients necessary to explosives and to explosions are scarcely necessary with one exception, for every one is familiar with such primary chemical elements.

That exception is saltpetre, the most important of the bases of gunpowder. This substance is salt containing a percentage of nitre. It is formed by the action of microbes in soil containing nitrogenous substances, and crystallizes on the surface. These crystals are saltpetre. As nature is not always up to the requirements of commerce in explosives, science has intervened and now produces better saltpetre than even nature. The artificial product is made from common mould and animal matter containing nitrogen. This is moistened and heated. By this process the nitrogen in the animal matter is oxidized into nitric acid, which is combined with potash and lime, and forms nitre. The latter is then dissolved in water, and forms the potassic nitrate used in the manufacture of gunpowder.

The main point in the manufacture of powder is to so regulate the combustion that, when confined in the barrel of a gun, the combustion shall commence comparatively slowly, so as to gradually overcome the inertia of the projectile, and increasing its rapidity until the maximum is reached at the muzzle. Powder possessing such properties is considered perfect powder, and is in great demand, for it insures a minimum of recoil in the gun.

There is a popular impression that gunpowder possesses little force, compared with that of the higher grades of explosives. This is an error, for the powder used in modern weapons is of such force as to compare very favorably with the higher explosives of twenty-five years ago. Recent experiments in London showed that one gramme of prismatic powder yielded 264.6 cubic centimetres of gas. This in itself conveys little to the lay mind, so another illustration, with nitroglycerine instead of powder, may be utilized. Six cubic inches of the former yield, when exploded, one cubic yard of gas, and require one-forty-thousandth of a second for such conversion. As one square yard of surface at sea level carries an atmospheric pressure of nine tons, the gaseous products of the explosion of the nitroglycerine would have to lift nine tons to a height of one yard, in one-forty-thousandth part of a second. This is beyond its power, and that is the explanation of the well-known phenomenon of nitroglycerine and its first cousin, dynamite, exploding downward. It is due to the rigidity of the earth. When the explosion occurs, the explosive acts so suddenly that the air above it forms a cushion,* forcing the gases back to the earth, which, being rigid, breaks and crumbles under the tremendous impact.

Having thus introduced nitroglycerine, some data concerning it and its various offspring are in order. Nitroglycerine was discovered in 1832 by Bracounot of France, and consists of nitric and sulphuric acids soaked into cotton, thus forming the first practical explosive of those known as the "higher explosives." Some of the peculiarities of higher explosives will prove of interest. First of all, they require a much lower degree of heat for action than gunpowder. The latter will ignite at 482 degrees Fahrenheit, while the former will "blow up" at 276. Another peculiarity of the higher explosives is that many of them cannot be exploded by ignition, which means comparatively slow combustion, but only by detonation, or the instantaneous explosion of the whole mass.

If gunpowder, instead of being exploded by the application of a spark, is exploded

* As explained in Simple Explanation on "The Light of the Sun," in the September issue of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

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by an explosion of nitroglycerine, it becomes itself a detonative, producing a much larger volume of gas, and consequently developing a much greater force.

In a modern shell the explosion of the nitroglycerine it contains is caused by the effects of a lower explosive contained in a percussion cap, and which is itself caused to "blow up" by means of a spark from a time fuse.

Yet gun cotton can be placed on a pile of powder and be ignited with perfect safety. It can also be placed upon the naked hand and a match put to the mixture. A lighted match plunged into nitroglycerine will be extinguished without igniting the explosive.

Some ten years ago, twelve tons of nitroglycerine and nitrocellulose took fire in a storage house at Avigliana, Italy, and were burned without exploding. The reason of such action, or rather, non-action, on the part of the higher explosives is due to the fact that most of them require such intense heat to reach the exploding point that an ordinary flame is utterly insufficient. Blasting gelatine explodes at 5,828 degrees Fahrenheit; nitroglycerine, at 5,738; dynamite, at 5,324; gun cotton, at 4,802; picric acid, at 4,748; and roburite, at 3,812.

Most of these explosives can be brought into action, as explained above, only through detonation, brought about by means of a smaller explosion. Why this should be, science has not yet solved, although the world's greatest experts in this line of endeavor have puzzled their brains over the matter. The nearest approach to a solution is furnished by the statement that the smaller explosion causes certain heat waves to be set in motion, which in turn produce sympathetic heat waves in the main explosive, the unison of the two forcing the temperature to such a degree that an explosion follows. It is estimated that the higher explosives produce twelve hundred times their own volume in gas; so that one cubic foot of higher explosive will form twelve hundred cubic feet of gas.

Every one familiar with the ordinary firecracker or gun is aware that an explosion of powder causes smoke. This is formed during the combustion of the powder, and is due entirely to the presence of solid compounds among the ingredients forming the explosive mixture, which compounds, although liquid at the time of the explosion, rapidly solidify as the temperature falls. When the delvers into science discovered this law, they sought for some substitute for the potassium nitrate, which was the offending element in the gunpowder. After much experiment they succeeded in finding such a substitute—ammonium nitrate—in which the organic residue is so small that powder made from it is practically smokeless.

In blasting explosives, the main object to be attained is an absence of noxious gases which might be hurtful to those engaged in blasting. Principal among the blasting explosives are rack-a-rock, with which Hell Gate, New York City, was blown up. Three hundred thousand pounds of rack-a-rock were then used, and the explosion was felt for a hundred miles. Other powerful mixtures are hellhoffite, oxonite, bellite, and roburite. The last named is remarkable for the fact that it is perfectly harmless, save when a detonator is used to explode it.

So much for explosion caused by artificial explosives. Nature manufactures some very powerful explosives, and many a human life has been sacrificed on the altar of firedamp. The technical name for this gas is methane, and its ingredients contain all that is necessary for an explosion, save oxygen and carbon. The former is supplied by the air, and the latter by the coal dust or similar dust, always to be found in mines. The moment some careless miner exposes a flame (and sometimes even when he creates a spark by striking a steel tool on the rock he is working), the methane unites with the oxygen and the carbon, and an explosion follows. Such an explosion may be due to chemical changes in the atmosphere caused by no apparent external agency, or, in other words, spontaneous combustion; but whatever the cause, the effects are terrible.

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A FLOATING HOTEL.

## PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

[*We shall be glad to consider photographs of all kinds suitable for this section of the magazine, and to pay for such as are accepted.*—ED.]

### A FLOATING HOTEL.

THIS novelty in hotels is the idea of Mr. John Arbuckle, the millionaire coffee merchant. He has invested a large sum of money in fitting up this vessel as a floating hotel, which is designed to combine all the comforts of a great hotel with the luxury of a private yacht. It contains a large dining-room, seventy-five handsome staterooms, smoking-room, ladies' cabin, office and private apartments, and a roomy promenade deck. The "Stambler," which is a sister ship of the school-ship "St. Mary's," will be moored at some convenient pier where she can be easily boarded by those who have engaged rooms for the night, week, month, or season. At a stated hour in the evening, the vessel will go to sea, coasting the shores of New Jersey or Long Island, or going even farther out to sea, landing its passengers at the pier again in the morning. On Sundays and holidays the floating hotel will make longer excursions.

### A STEEL CRUCIFIX.

Mr. A. Werner, of 413 East Water Street, Milwaukee, Wis., has, by years of

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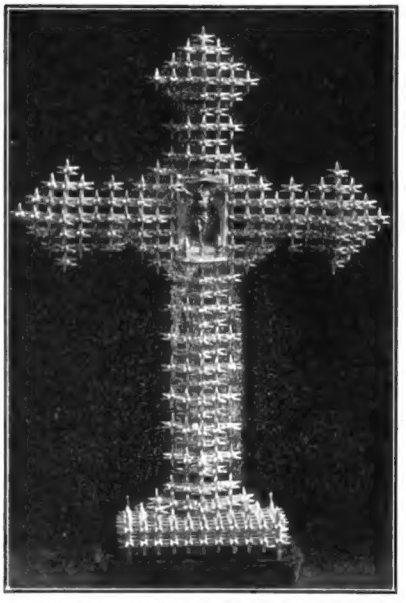
patient work, made this crucifix from steel pegs. Thousands of these pegs were used in the construction of the work. Each peg is made with a hole in the centre, into which another peg fits, and the cross can be taken apart piece by piece. It has been placed on public exhibition.



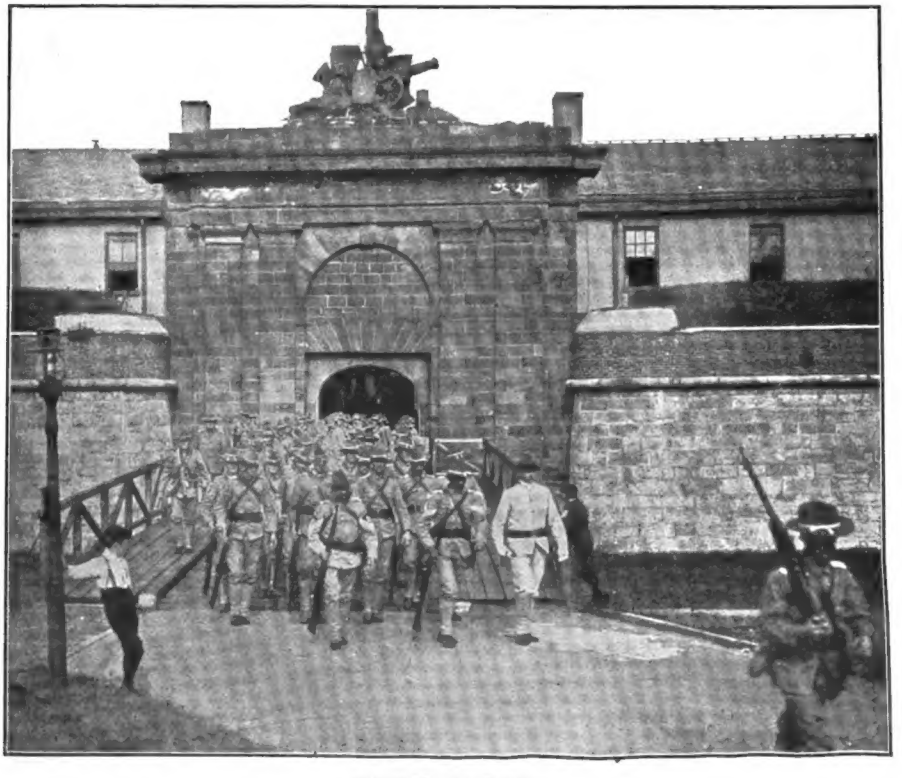
A CROSS MADE FROM STEEL PEGS.

UNITED STATES TROOPS FOR CHINA.

The accompanying photograph shows a battalion of the Fifteenth Infantry, United States Army, leaving its barracks at Governor's Island, *en route* for Tien-Tsin.

A DOUBLE-HEADED ENGINE.

The McCloud River Railroad, between McCloud and Upton, California, crosses some very steep grades, and was obliged to provide itself with an extraordinary type of locomotive. The photograph of this "mountain-climbing" engine might seem to represent two locomotives coupled end to end; but this is only a single machine, operated by one engineer and served by one fireman. This giant locomotive is capable of drawing 125 tons of freight, loaded in heavy freight cars, up a grade of seven per cent.—which means a



STARTING FOR CHINA.

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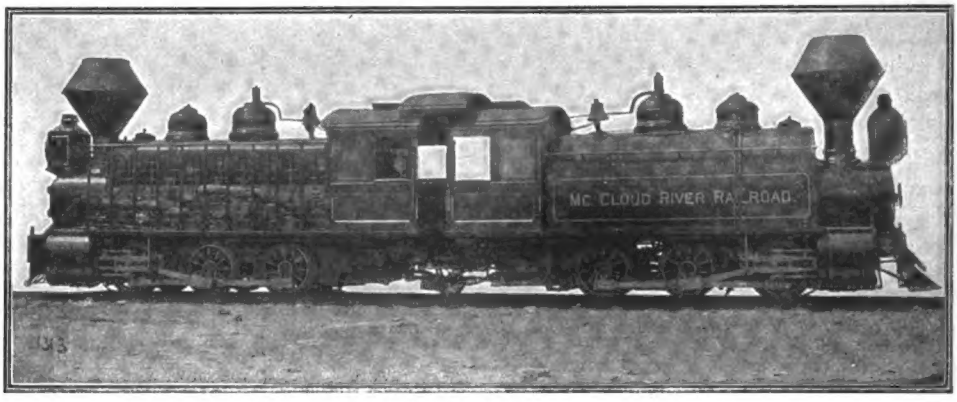


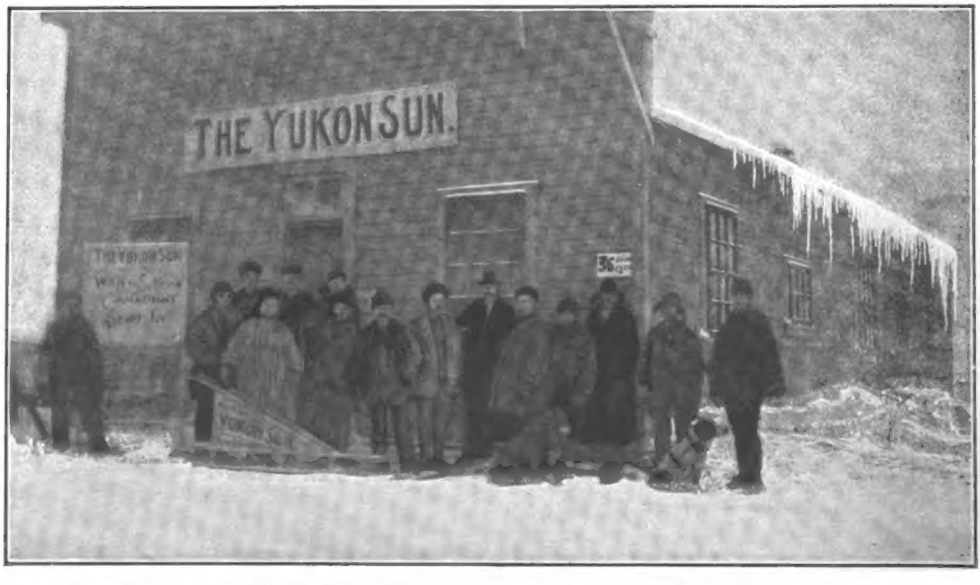

A DOUBLE-HEADED LOCOMOTIVE.

rise of 369 feet in every mile! Not only does the engine do this, but it lifts in addition its own tremendous weight of 161,400 pounds.

FIRE ENGINE OF THE TIME OF GEORGE III.

This picture shows a fire engine of the time of George III. In 1750, the king being in munificent mood and solicitous for the safety of his subjects in Shelbourne, Nova Scotia, presented this engine to the town. It is a little wooden car, about five feet long and three

A FIRE ENGINE OF 1750.




THE OFFICE OF THE "YUKON SUN," PUBLISHED FARTHER NORTH THAN ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER.

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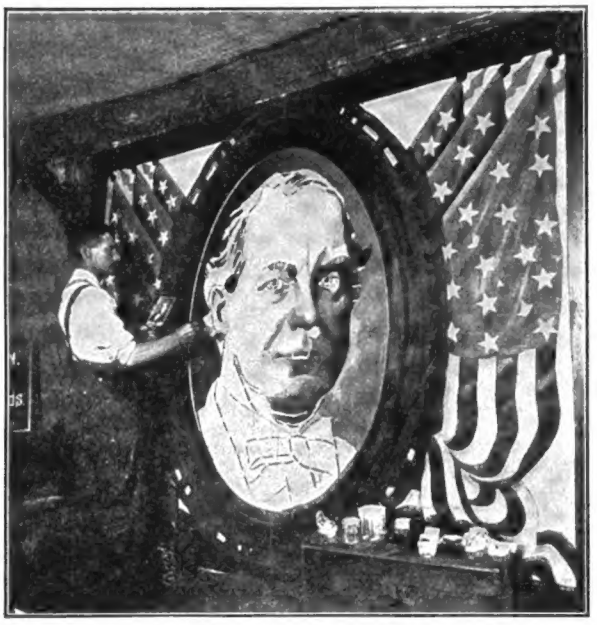


THE FIRST STEP IN MAKING A CAMPAIGN BANNER.

feet wide, and runs upon wooden wheels about one foot in diameter. To the bed of the car is attached a simple, every-day hand-pump, by which the water was propelled through a hose upon the fire.

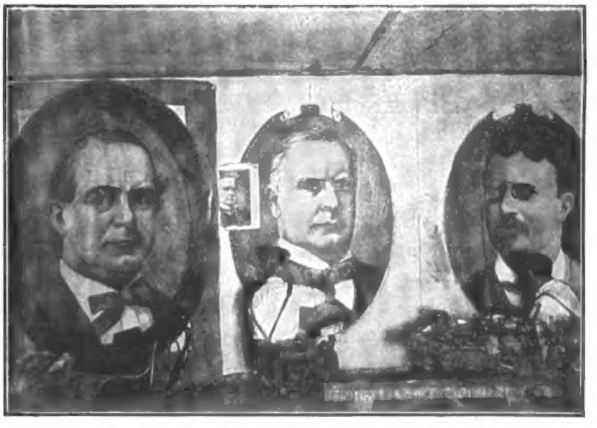
### THE "YUKON SUN."

THE FARTHEST NORTH NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

This photograph was taken in Dawson City, Yukon Territory, Canada, on Christmas Day, 1899, at noon. The thermometer on that day was thirty-six degrees below zero, and an exceedingly fine snow was falling. Owing to a hill on the southern horizon, the sun had not been visible at the city level for three weeks; the days were only five hours long. The office of the "Yukon Sun" is a one-story building, twenty-five feet by fifty feet, lighted by electricity, and cost $3,000. The "Sun" is the pioneer paper of the Klondike, and is owned and managed by Canadians. The group in the photograph shows the entire staff of the paper. The sleds and dogs used in delivering the newspapers on all the gold creeks of the Klondike are seen in the foreground.

### CAMPAIGN BANNERS.

The painting of campaign banners is by no means a slow and laborious process. An expert in the copying of a face first makes a stencil of the features to be reproduced. This stencil an artist takes as his ground-work. He fills in the outline of the face, and works in quite roughly the hair, cheeks, and clothing. A portrait painter finally fills in the details with a smaller brush and with less haste. Thus, in the workshop of a campaign banner-maker may be seen several men at work on one portrait. When the paintings are finished they are cut off and handed over to the stitchers—old sail-makers, who are experts at the work of stitching canvas—and whose duty it is to piece together these pictures of the candidates, with the scrolls and mottoes. The mottoes for these banners are supplied usually by the political parties ordering them, and the designs are, as a rule, the work of experts who are employed by the banner-makers to furnish these to their customers. The painted pictures are all fastened on net-work, which is in reality fisherman's netting, and then the banner is complete.



THE SECOND STEP IN MAKING A CAMPAIGN BANNER.

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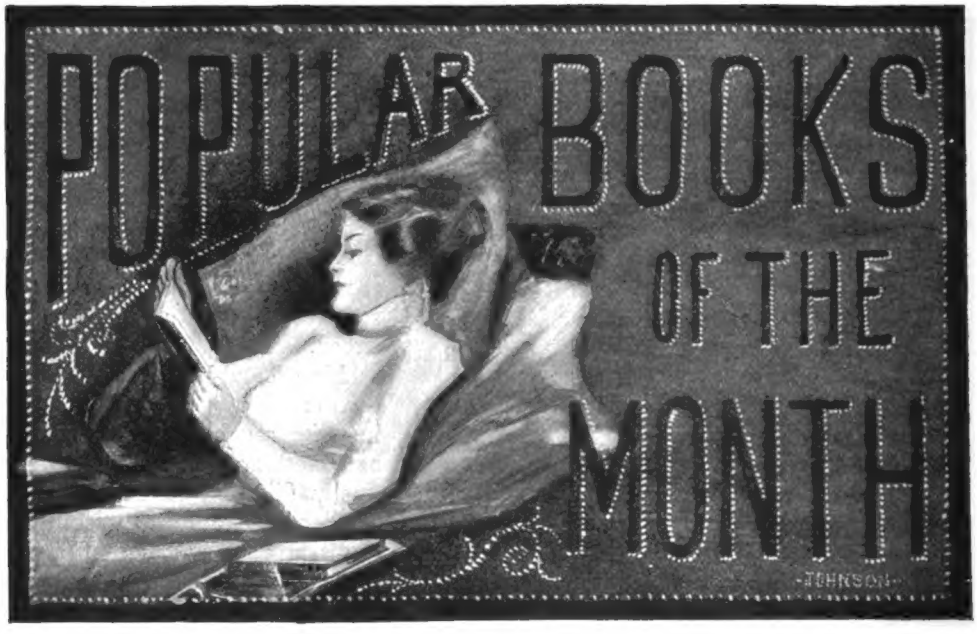


A CAREFUL canvass of the leading booksellers results in the compilation of the following list of books that have proved themselves most popular during the past month, as judged by the number of copies sold:

| TITLE | AUTHOR | PUBLISHER AND PUBLISHER'S PRICE |
|---|---|---|
| Linnet, | Grant Allen, | New Amsterdam Book Co., $1.50. |
| Whilomville Stories, | Stephen Crane, | Harper & Bros., $1.50. |
| The Web of Life, | Robert Herrick, | The Macmillan Co., $1 50. |
| The Cardinal's Snuff-Box, | Henry Harland, | John Lane, $1.50. |
| To Have and to Hold, | Mary Johnston, | Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50. |
| A Gentleman from Indiana, | Booth Tarkington, | Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50. |
| The Redemption of David Corson, | Charles Frederic Goss, | The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50. |
| The Reign of Law, | James Lane Allen, | The Macmillan Co., $1.50. |
| Unleavened Bread, | Robert Grant, | Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50. |
| A Friend of Caesar, | William Stearns Davis, | The Macmillan Co., $1.50. |
| Senator North, | Gertrude Atherton, | John Lane, $1.50. |
| When Knighthood Was in Flower, | Edward Caskoden, | The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50. |
| Bob, Son of Battle, | Alfred Ollivant, | Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.25. |
| Boy—A Sketch, | Marie Corelli, | J. B. Lippincott Co., $1.50. |
| The Voice of the People, | Ellen Glasgow, | Doubleday, Page & Co., $1.50. |
| The Bath Comedy, | Agnes and Egerton Castle, | Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50. |
| The Black Wolf's Breed, | Charles Dickson, | The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50. |
| In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim, | Frances Hodgson Burnett, | Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50. |
| China, The Long Lived Empire, | E. R. Scidmore, | The Century Co., $2.50. |
| Chinese Characteristics, | Arthur H. Smith, | Fleming H. Revell Co., $1.25. |
| Village Life in China, | Arthur H. Smith, | Fleming H. Revell Co., $2.00. |
| China in Transformation, | Archibald R. Colquhoun, | Harper & Bros., $3.00. |

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